The Bystander, November 21, 1906

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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

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Photo *Lallie Charles*

A FAMOUS SOCIETY ACTRESS

A new photograph of the popular Society amateur actress, Miss Muriel Wilson

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday November 21, 1906

If these South African footballers continue to put other topics into the shade, we expect we shall have to issue, with each number of THE BYSTANDER, a weekly Supplement entitled "*Boks*."

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The *Mail* last week, at the head of a paragraph, inquired "What Is Noise?" If the editor will kindly step round here, and sit with us some time while the Guildhall School of Music classes are in full blast, he can be enlightened.

* * *

The Poplar Workhouse Joke Season is coming on again. Readers who want information about foreign tours please refer to advertisement columns.

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Mr. Churchill's announcement in Parliament last week, that "the fate of Chinese labour was sealed," was welcome. It was quite time that this atrocious evil was again eradicated, as some months have now elapsed since its last total abolition by the Government.

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From the tiresome way the papers record his daily movements, Mr. Ferreira, of Cape Colony, might be a Royal personage.

* * *

Pastor Goodchild, of the Baptist Church, Forty-Second Street, N.Y., has, to entertain his congregation and "compete with the theatres," got a lady to whistle. But Father Vaughan, of the Roman Church in Farm Street, surely anticipated him, for he makes his whole congregation whistle every Sunday.

* * *

Though the Kaiser has his faults, "hitting below the belt" is not one of them. Yet we cannot help thinking that he is hardly playing the war-game fairly with the Hereros, when he sends out against them Prince Joachim Albrecht of Prussia, a composer of light operatic music.

* * *

The *Daily Mail* was hardly just to Max Beerbohm when they headed his first article in Thursday's issue:—

HE ARRIVES.

Surely he had "arrived" long before he entered the columns of our contemporary?

After the match

P.C. 101: "Nah then, you, you young himps! Wot are ye up to? Why don't ye go out the same way as yer came in?"

YOUNG "HIMPS": "'Orl rite, old Strawberry! don't get excited; that's jest wot we are doin'"

(*Drawn by Dudley Buxton*)

The Bishop of Carlisle has been rightly inveighing against the modern practice of abbreviation. Even the skirt is becoming kirt.

* * *

The new War Office is a palatial building of 640 rooms, but not all of them are sleeping apartments.

* * *

Mr. Marconi has got ahead of the rest of the wireless workers. He has connected up the Vatican, so that now Pope Pius can issue wireless Bulls and Encyclicals to the outer world without troubling the Italian G.P.O. If only Santos-Dumont can contract with the Vatican for a fleet of aeroplanes, the question of Roman independence will be finally settled.

* * *

Glad to see the one and only up-to-date lingo is moving along this side. Only last week Minister Birrell, in Bristol City (Glos.), told the audience that he had "no use" for the Lords' Amendments. What is more, he added (but, somehow, didn't get reported), "If the durned Episcopalians don't moderate some, this Administration will dissolution Parliament, and go to the country on the Abolitionist ticket. I say, right here, hereditary legislation's a back-number this country don't stand for, and that's from me."

* * *

In the card-room of the Cunarder *Caronia* an angry scene was recently witnessed. An old, white-haired gentleman was detected in the act of drawing two aces from the pack, and the action was violently resented, we understand, by several other American players holding four aces apiece. This heated poker-play was followed by a not unnatural result—the vessel caught fire.

* * *

A fort at Spithead is up for lease or sale as a private hotel! From what we hear of the style in which the new War Office is being furnished, we cannot rid ourselves of the impression that Mr. Haldane has similar "ideas" in his head for Whitehall.

Owing to the pressure on our space this week, the fourth instalment of "Muriel and the Moderns" is held over till the next issue.—EDITOR.

The Topictator

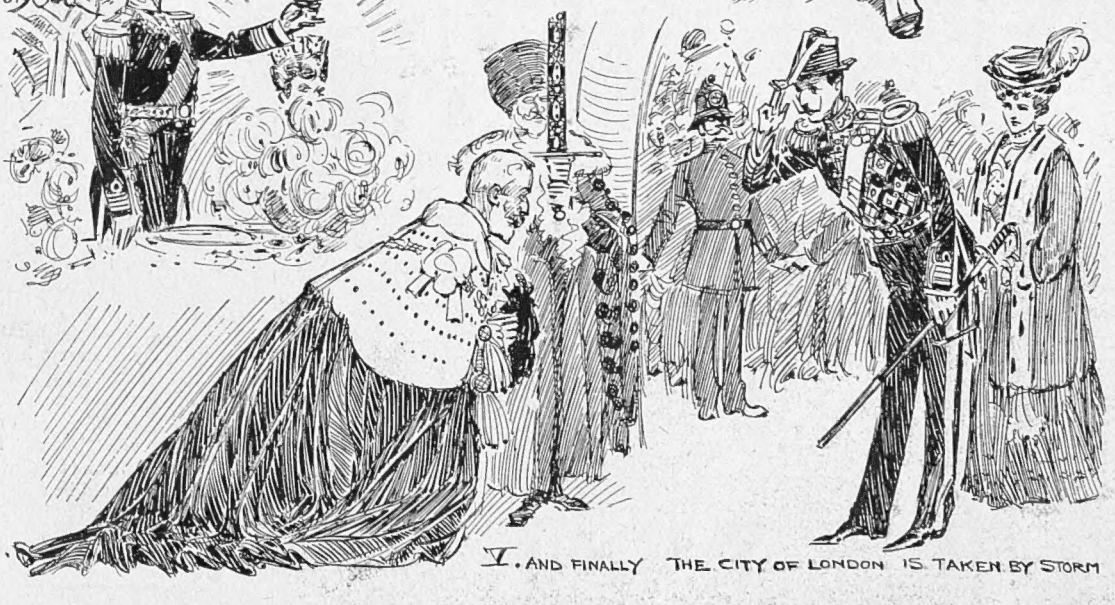
HAAKONIGRAMS

I. THE NORSE KING LANDS IN BRITAIN.
(ROYAL S'LUTE! PRESENT—H.R.R.RPS!!")

II. AND MARCHES ON WINDSOR

III. WHERE THE KING OF BRITAIN IMMEDIATELY SURRENDERS TO PRINCE OLAF.

IV. WASSAIL!



V. AND FINALLY THE CITY OF LONDON IS TAKEN BY STORM

RACING NOTIONS

THE MANCHESTER NOVEMBER HANDICAP. By "CARBINE"

Derby a Social Success

Although the fog and the rain endeavoured to make matters as uncomfortable as they could, we failed to detect many signs of the approaching end of flat-racing at Derby last week. This is one of those fortunate meetings that command very strong local support. There happen to be many county families in the neighbourhood who are interested in racing, and in return for many little civilities at Newmarket and elsewhere they make a point of entertaining their friends for the Derby races. There are the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Chatsworth, Lord and Lady Burton at Rangemore, Mr. and Lady Noreen Bass at Byrkley, the Bodens at The Friary, Sir Peter and Lady Walker at Osmaston, Lord Carnarvon at Bretby, Lord and Lady Harrington at Elvaston, and a host of others. The result is to place the Derby meetings among the most pleasant of the year from the social standpoint. Many owners on this account like specially to see their colours carried here, which adds, of course, to the attractiveness of the sport.

Popular Results

One thing is certain—a win for the Duke of Devonshire at Derby is always hugely popular. So there was much rejoicing when Hill Sprite cantered home for the Chesterfield Nursery, and as most of the Chatsworth party were "on" this good thing, it was a very pleasant day for the Duke. Mr. "Billy" Bass was also much in evidence at the meeting, for he won the Markeaton Plate with his smart filly, Gold Riach, and on the following day landed a good stake when Wafer II. won the Osmaston Nursery. All these, in a sense, were "home" victories, and were much appreciated accordingly by the locals assembled.

The Manchester November Handicap

The last important flat race of the season, and a race, incidentally, over which there is more wagering than the majority of handicaps of similar value, for those people who leave the jumpers severely alone usually make it the means of just one more dash before closing their books for the year. There is a good acceptance, and every promise of an interesting race. My selection is **Spate**, who carries a bigger weight than in the Cesarewitch or Cambridgeshire. But that will not be a disadvantage, because for one thing the company is not so good, and for another it will enable him to have a stronger jockey, which the colt wants. Regarding other events at Manchester, I would suggest **Royal Fox** for the Lancashire Nursery on Thursday, and **Kaffir Chief** for the Castle Irwell Handicap on the following day.

Mr. Haldane's Business Bureau: The new War Office in Whitehall

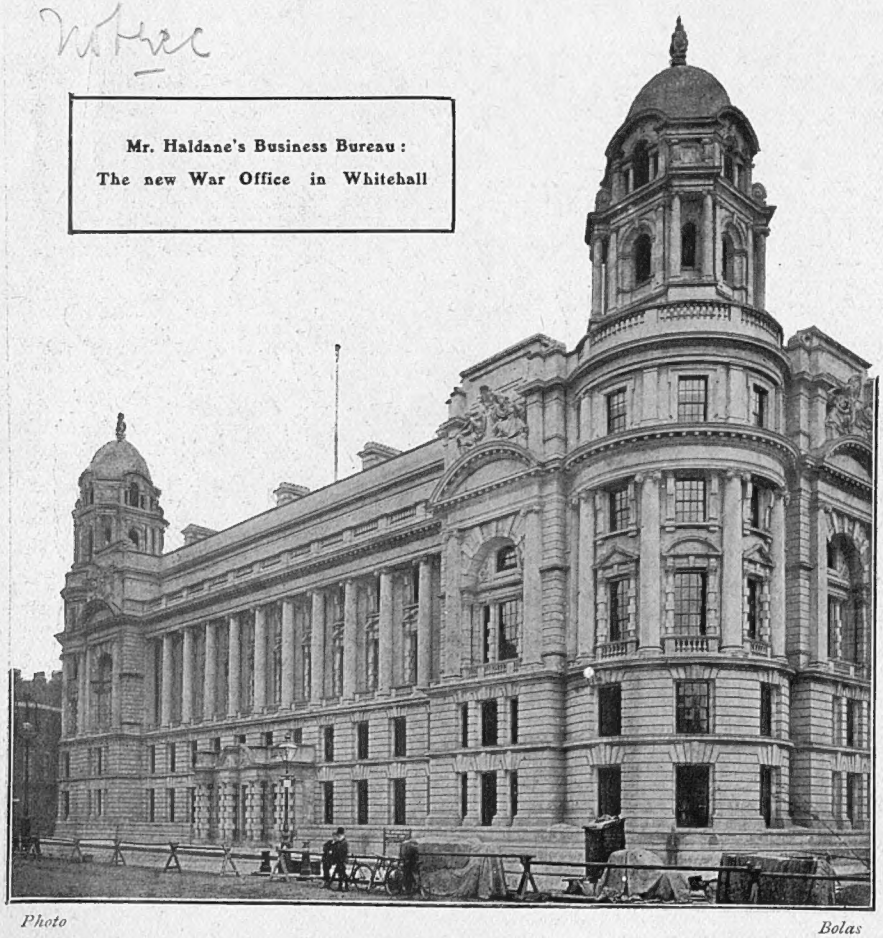


Photo Bolas

IMPOSING though the exterior of the new War Office may be, its interior arrangements and decorations are on a still more gorgeous scale, and some statistician has estimated that the increased accommodation will add ten years apiece to the life of each of the staff. Doubtless, this is the reason why five hundred sofas are to be placed in the building, so that on his peregrinations from one department to another along its two and a half miles of passages the Civil servant may take a well-earned rest and nap. Amidst the general costly decorations displayed everywhere it is pleasing to hear of the economy realised by bringing a score or so old mantelpieces from Pall Mall, and the Government should be congratulated on its prudent spirit in this matter.

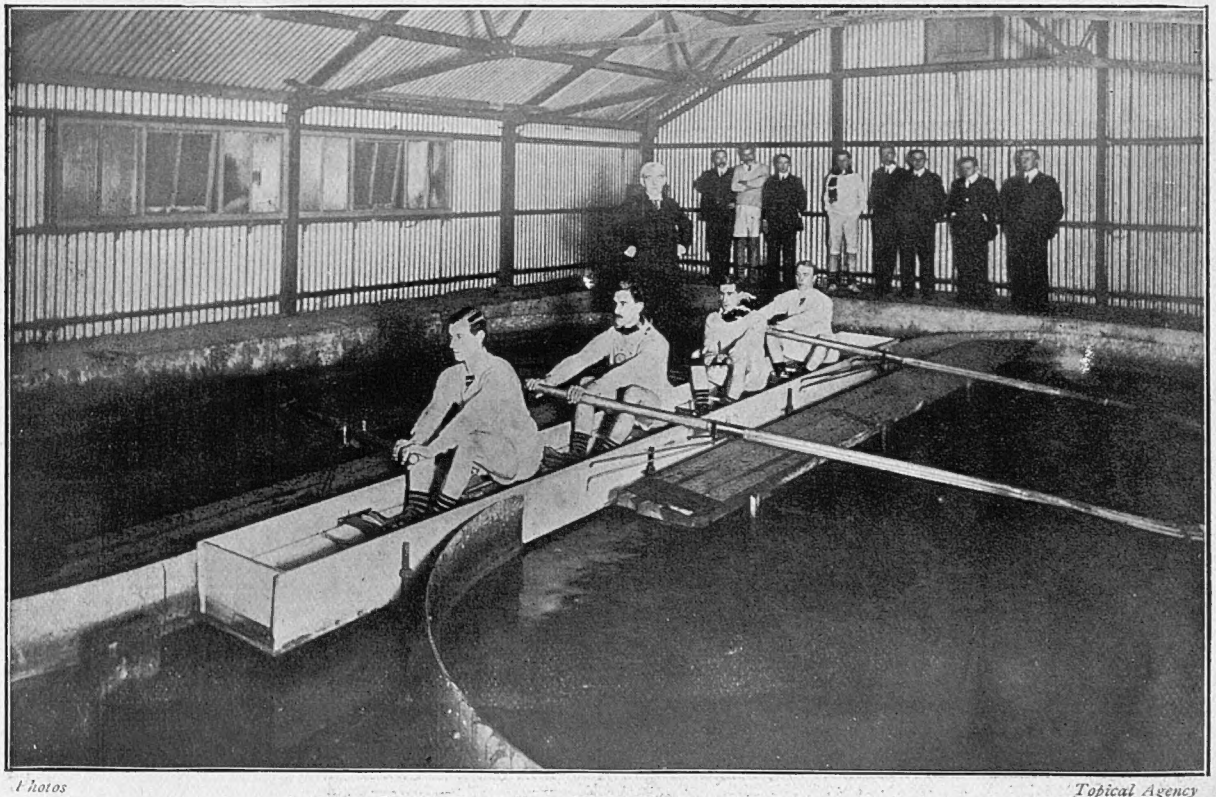
Inventions, Imperial and Otherwise

THE KAISER'S ARMOURED CAR

The Berlin Motor Show: The Kaiser inspecting an armoured automobile, in the designing of which he is said to have assisted

The Show was held in the Exhibition Hall of the Zoological Gardens, and was well attended. The Kaiser was unable to be present at the opening ceremony, but subsequently paid a visit, and expressed extreme interest in all he saw, while he took an experimental trip in a motor-bus

A NOVEL ROWING TANK



Photos *Topical Agency*

Rowing on Land: The Thames Rowing Club's rowing and coaching tank

This tank has been devised by Mr. A. F. Johnson, an ex-captain of the club, with the object of providing exercise and coaching for members during the winter months. The fixed boat accommodates four oarsmen, and each half of the tank has a central partition, round which the water is driven by the action of the oars, which have "gridiron" blades. On the gangway is Mr. R. H. Forster, seven times captain of the club, and the crew in the photograph consists of E. S. Rowsell (bow), F. J. Stewart, Bruce Logan, and H. G. Huxley (stroke)

The South Africans' First Defeat: A throw-in by one of their halves

On Saturday, Scotland succeeded in defeating the hitherto invincible "Springboks" by 2 tries to nil. The victory was mainly due to the superior strength of their forwards. Kenneth McLeod, the Cambridge University and International three-quarter, who is seen standing on the left, played a great game throughout and scored one of the tries

Photo *Topical Agency*

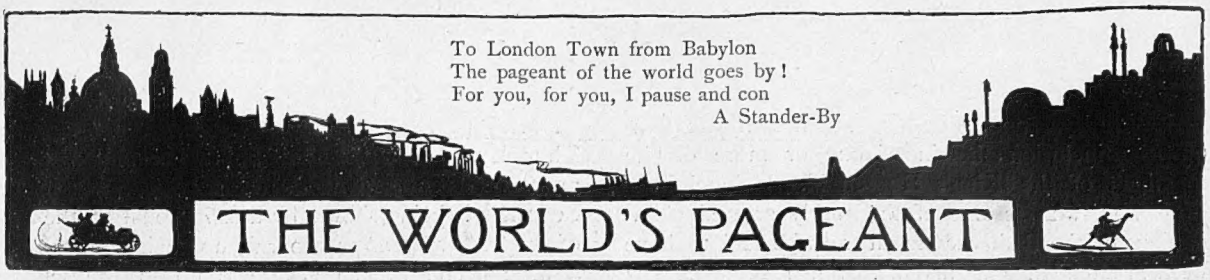


Photo *Mills*

Dr. Jameson

Who, returning to South Africa, only heard of the Ferreira Raid on arriving at Madeira

A New Royal Jester

Dr. Jameson sailed away from this little island in happy unconsciousness that in Africa Boer troubles were threatening. It is probable that the latter part of his journey was slightly less untroubled than the first. Dr. "Jim," however, seldom allows national affairs of this kind to interfere with his own private and personal enjoyment of life. An inveterate joke-maker, Dr. Jameson, although he transacted much important business while in England—not the least important being the settlement of a legal matter—also found time to put in quite a lot of amusement. His visit to Sandringham he enjoyed immensely. Not always a prime favourite with the King, his habit of combining with the methods of a splendid Bridge-player the rôle of an exceedingly funny jester has, on this visit, appealed irresistibly to our own jest-loving Sovereign, and Dr. Jameson may now be said almost to belong to that set of clever, pre-eminently amusing people which composes the Royal *coterie* of friends, and whose names are well known, even to the man in the street. All the same, the party of which he made one at Sandringham was a very quiet one. Early to bed and early to rise, hardly any Bridge, and less shooting; a simple family affair, in fact, as are the great majority of Sandringham house-parties.

* * *

"Too Much Olaf"

I am really very fond of children—that is, when they get to a talkable and walkable age; but, though I am sure Prince Olaf is a very nice child, the very complete history of his daily doings, as served up in the daily Press, is "beginning to pall," as the old lady said when she had consumed her fifth consecutive Bath bun. I hear, too, that the Royal Family in general, and Queen Alexandra in particular, are very amused at these fabrications, which quite overshadow all the other doings of the Royal party. Bad weather has somewhat spoiled the two Kings' sport, but not so the enjoyment of the two Queens, who have been seen shopping several times in the streets of Windsor.

* *

A German Lady "British Composer"

Like Sir Edward Elgar, Miss Ethel M. Smyth has won her initial triumphs as a composer, not in Britain, but in the Fatherland. Just as her earlier opera, *Der Wald*, was first submitted to a German audience, and approved by them, before being offered at the altar of Covent Garden, so her new work, *Standrecht*, has been done first at Leipzig. In time, no doubt, *Standrecht* will be heard over here, and as our wonderful public is ever ready to accept any music, provided only it comes from Germany, it will be successful here also. Personally, I like Miss Smyth's operatic work. It mixes up the two prevailing styles of Wagner and Brahms in a happy fashion, and has a certain mysticism about it. Miss Smyth was an acquaintance of the last-named master, and, in fact, is probably more intimately associated with German music and thought than with British — for which happy circumstance she has our heartfelt congratulations.

Photo *Kate Pragnell*

A gifted lady composer

Miss Ethel Smyth, whose new opera, *Standrecht*, has recently been produced at Leipzig with much success

* * *

Colonel Fritz Ponsonby

A new Companion of the Bath, and the King's Equerry and Assistant Private Secretary

The Derby Gold Cup

History repeated itself in the Derby Gold Cup. Last year Catscradle won easily for Lord Rosebery at 20 to 1; this year Gourd won for Lord Derby in the commonest of canters at 25 to 1. Gourd is one of those irritating animals who prove themselves to be good at home, but persistently refuse to do their best in public. Time after time she has been heavily backed, only to perform disappointingly. On this occasion she was allowed to "run loose." The result is — she wins by a dozen lengths!

The Latest Cult at Claridge's

A New Companion of the Bath

A Birthday Honours List is seldom complete without the inclusion therein of one or more of the members of the King's Household. Colonel Fritz Ponsonby, who is one of the newly created Companions of the Bath, may in all truth be said to have been in attendance all his life. Since 1891 he has been Equerry to His Majesty, and he held all the posts he now holds under King Edward in the Court of Queen Victoria. His father, Sir Henry Ponsonby, was Private Secretary to Queen Victoria, and so the new C.B. lived, as a child, first in the house in the Stable Yard of St. James's Palace, and then in the "office" in the south front of Buckingham Palace. He has now returned to St. James's Palace, where he resides in the Ambassador's Court, and his duties as Assistant Keeper of the Privy Purse, Assistant Private Secretary, and Equerry, include personal attendance on the King whenever his "chiefs"—Sir Dighton Probyn and Lord Knollys — are absent on leave.

* * *

The World's Ailing Monarchs

The discovery of a supposed bomb-thrower in the streets last Wednesday, on the occasion of King Haakon's City visit, goes to prove that these Anarchist fiends are lacking not only in humanity, but in common intelligence. A monarch less deserving of the attentions of the Anarchists than the Norwegian King, elected to his post by the free and democratic Norwegians, and exercising no other than a purely social and personal control of his subjects, were impossible to find. If, however, the nations at the present moment are in need of a change in rulers, surely that arch-Anarchist, Disease, is doing deadly enough work in the various Courts to satisfy the ruddiest of regicides. Never, it would seem, has the world had a larger monarchical sick list. The heads of the Empires of Austria, Turkey, and Persia are, one and all, suffering from ailments which, considering their advanced ages, cannot be esteemed as other than critical. The lesser potentates who rule Roumania, Sweden, and Bavaria are in, we regret to say, precarious health. Sufficient havoc, therefore, is being wrought among crowned heads without the aid of the Anarchists, who surely can, for awhile, rest on their past dishonours, and leave to a far more skilful Nemesis than themselves the task of settling who shall sit on the various thrones.

* * *

Victor Hugo at Claridge's

At Claridge's, last Thursday afternoon, Mlle. Scialtiel discoursed charmingly and with great simplicity on "Victor Hugo, His Life and His Poems." To-morrow, Victor Hugo is the subject of still another *causerie*, and on the two ensuing Thursdays, Alfred de Musset and Théophile Gautier are to be discoursed upon. Meanwhile, a suspicious eagerness is being shown by those who sit at the feet of *les poètes romantiques* to rub up their French just a little. The French governess up in the schoolroom cannot understand why she has been favoured with so much of Madame's company this week. In a word, it is doubtful if Mayfair's knowledge of French—apart from the ordering of a gown or the arrangement of a dinner—is quite equal to the strain put upon it by these lectures on the French poets. Some forty or fifty ladies, one man, and a boy, put in an appearance at Claridge's last Thursday, but there was little manifestation of that intensely aspiring spirit shown by note-taking duchesses and argumentative countesses at Dr. Reich's lectures in the early Spring at the same place. Evidently, even in Mayfair, the subject of platonic love, as discussed by Dr. Reich (in English), is more enthralling, certainly more exciting, than Victor Hugo (in French). However, a chastened enthusiasm was shown for this latest form of erudition in the West.

Photo *Alice Hughes*

Mlle. Scialtiel

Who is delivering, at Claridge's, a series of *causeries* (in French), before fashionable audiences, on various French poets

* * *

A Persian Court in Brook Street

Mrs. Bland-Sutton, wife of the eminent surgeon, is the fortunate owner of the beautiful Persian Court, photographs of which she has been good enough to allow me to reproduce on page 376. Mrs. Bland-Sutton has for seventeen years acted as honorary secretary of the Children's Happy Evenings Association, who can claim to have been the pioneers of evening recreation for the children of the poor. Both Mr. and Mrs. Bland-Sutton, however, are devoted to travel, and their beautiful house in Brook Street bears the impression of their several journeys in the East. Their dining-room is a correct restoration of the Apadana of the Court of Artexeren, 500 B.C., at Souza; but the most beautiful and most unique thing in all this interesting house is the Persian Court, which has been designed to reproduce, in a form suitable to a large modern room, essential characteristics of the ancient Persian palace rediscovered at Souza by M. Dieulafoys. Walls of pale turquoise, amber, ivory, and gold blend exquisitely wi h the masses of purple velvet in the doorways and reflect into the white marble floor, with its carpet of soft camel and blue. The Archer Frieze is a reproduction of the colossal figures in the Louvre; the curtains and furniture have been reconstructed from

The World's Ailing Monarchs

The Shah of Persia
Who is alleged to be suffering from Bright's disease

The King of Bavaria
Who is the victim of acute mental derangement

The Sultan of Turkey
Now in the hands of German specialists, and the victim, it is said, among other things, of Bright's disease and cancer

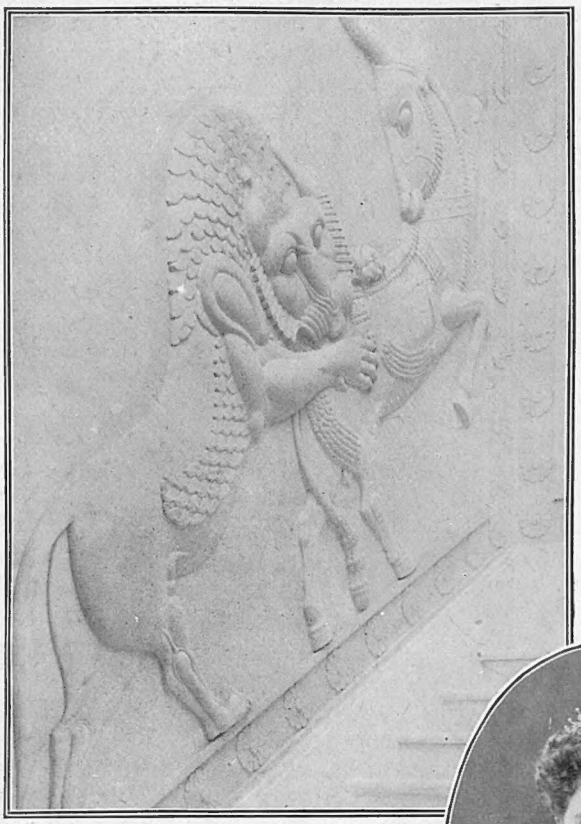
The King of Sweden
Oscar II. is suffering from no specific disease, but old age is telling its tale. He is extremely feeble, sleeps a great part of the day, and has to be dressed and undressed by his valets

The Emperor of Austria
Whose health has again become the cause of grave anxiety in Europe, it being supposed that the Emperor is a sufferer from a serious internal complaint, which may end fatally at any moment

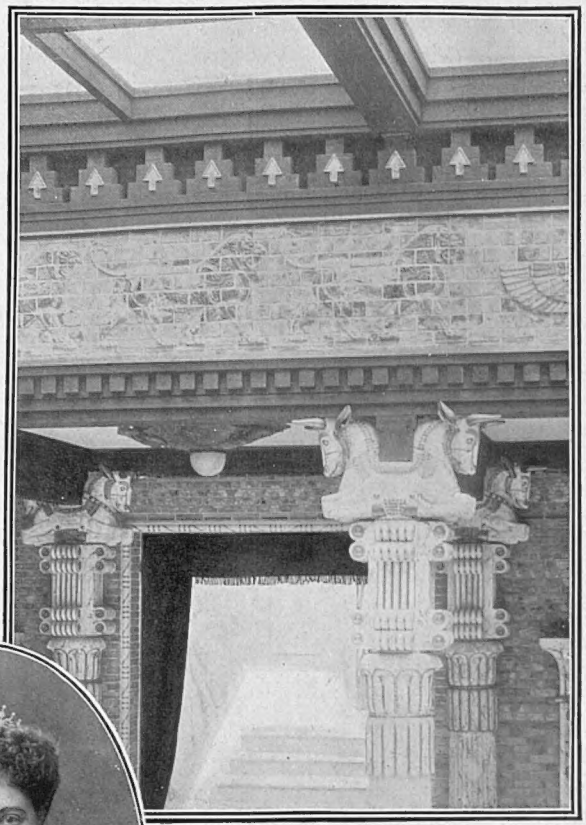
The King of Roumania
So alarming became the illness of the King of Roumania last week, that Professor von Noorden was summoned from Vienna for consultation with the Court physician. His Majesty is no longer able to feed himself, and lives almost entirely upon milk. His nerves are absolutely shattered

Persia in Brook Street

THE BEAUTIFUL EASTERN COURT AT MRS. BLAND-SUTTON'S RESIDENCE

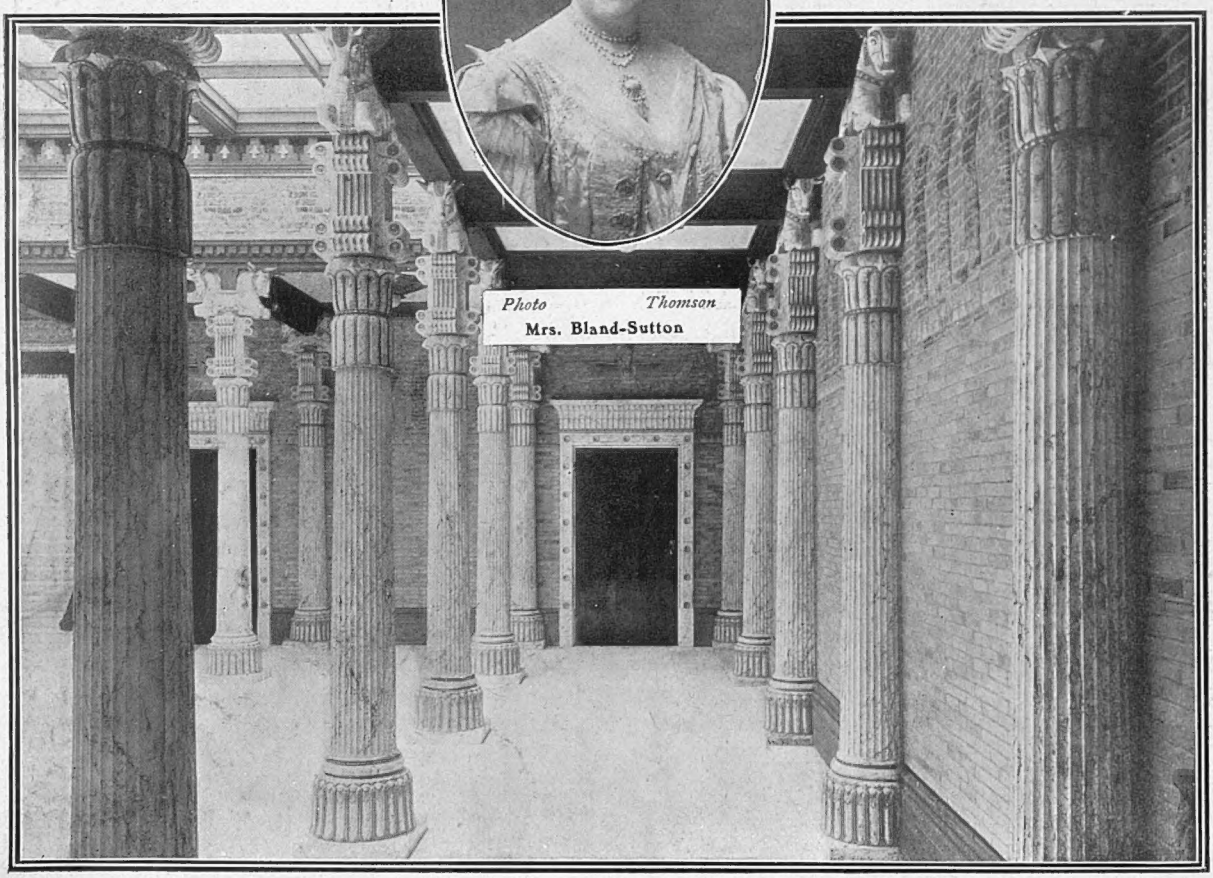


A fine white marble old Persian panel



A carving over one of the doorways

Photo Thomson
Mrs. Bland-Sutton



A general view of the Persian Court

Mrs. Bland-Sutton and her husband, the eminent surgeon, have travelled a great deal in the East, and several rooms at their house in Brook Street are fitted up in various Eastern styles. By far the most striking of these is the Persian Court, of which we give photographs, which has been accurately copied from the ancient Persian palace recently discovered at Souza by M. Dieulafoy. All the construction and decorations has been carried out by Mr. F. Arthur, of Motcomb Street, S.W.

The First Motor-Boat on the Nile

bas-reliefs in the British Museum; and the white marble staircase which leads into the Court is copied from the ruins of Persepolis. The whole thing, in fact, is exceedingly beautiful and exceptional, and reflects the greatest credit on one of our English architects, for it was Mr. F. Arthur, of Motcomb Street, S.W., who carried out the structural and decorative work.

* * *

The Motor on the Nile

Surely the introduction of motor-boats on to that most ancient highway of Egypt, where "the sun's rim dips, the stars rush out, at one stride comes the dark," is just about the last word in the "Cook-ing" of Egypt. To Captain R. T. Dixon, whose motor-boat, *Hebe*, is already famous, the honour and glory of being the first to drive a motor-boat on the Nile belongs. The regular beat of the engines, the tremendous swell and splash of the waves, the ear-splitting reports of the open exhausts, all these things combine to make the rapid progress of the motor-boat by no means that dreamy procession one would fain associate with the River Nile. Egypt, by the way, as a winter resort, becomes more fashionable every year, and though, perhaps, the invasion of the tourist has driven the most exclusive among us to India and to California, yet the ancient kingdom of the Pharaohs is still entirely fascinating. So much, by the way, did the Prince and Princess of Wales enjoy themselves there in the Spring, that it is quite probable they may decide to pay another visit there early next year.

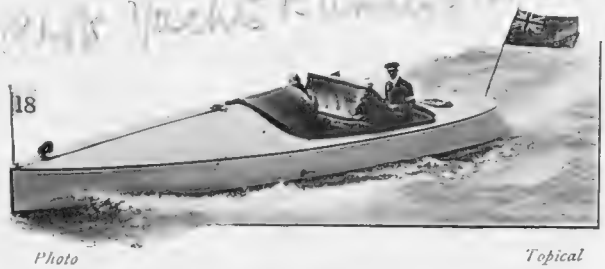


Photo *Topical*

The "Hebe": The first motor-yacht to navigate the Nile. It is being run by Capt. R. T. Dixon

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Lord Lytton's Letters

It was, by the way, the late Lord Lytton, whose letters have just been given to the world by his daughter, Lady Betty Balfour, who was in the habit of calling himself a "Lover of the Good, the Beautiful, and the True."

Ahura Marda, one of the chief gods of the Persians, who is depicted in the frescoes which adorn Mrs. Bland-Sutton's Persian Court, was the personification of these three things—the Good, the Beautiful, and the True, and was worshipped as a symbol of the unseen.

Whether or no the present Lord Lytton also intends to worship this god or not I do not know, but he has announced his intention of devoting himself heart and soul to the betterment of his people, and with this in view has left his quaint house in Queen Anne's Gate and has gone to live permanently

Miss Evelyn Bigelow

Photos

Who is the daughter of Mr. Poultney Bigelow, the celebrated American writer. She has spent much of her time in London, and was presented at Court last season

Mr. J. F. A. Clark

H. Walter Barnett

A well-known figure in New York business and sporting circles. He is an expert chauffeur and whip, and a frequent visitor to this country

AN INTERESTING AMERICAN ENGAGEMENT

The Cecils, a Hostess, and a "Hop"

at Knebworth. Lady Lytton, the beautiful "Soul" of former days, and the Miss Pamela Plowden of some brilliant seasons, occupies her time in sculpture and looking after her babies, of whom she is inordinately fond, and whose extra particular welfare, it is suggested, has completely reconciled her to the life, comparatively pastoral, which she and her husband have taken up.

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A Disclaimer

In a recent number of THE BYSTANDER was reviewed, in another column, a book by Mrs. Harvey ("Irene Osgood"), entitled "To a Nun Confess'd." To our reviewer, certain incidents in the book made it appear obvious that Mrs. Harvey's hero, "Mr. Savage," was intended to be the late Mr. Wilde. This, therefore, he suggested in his review. Mrs. Harvey, however, writes to deny emphatically that she had, in drawing her hero's character, any such intention in mind, and I am pleased, therefore, to make public her disclaimer.

Mrs. Harvey

Who combines the rôle of author (under the pen name of "Irene Osgood"), with that of country-house hostess, her residence being at Guilsborough Hall in Hertfordshire

Mrs. Harvey and the Cecils

Mrs. Harvey, by the way, is the widow of the late Captain C. P. Harvey, High Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who for, I believe, nearly fifteen years, acted as honorary secretary to the Woodland Pytchley Hunt. He was the son of Mr. Harvey, of Park Hall, Barnsley, from whom he inherited large estates in Yorkshire, Northamptonshire, and Lincolnshire. Mrs. Harvey, I remember, took a house, some years ago, near the Salisburys', in Hertfordshire. After some time, she become acquainted with the Rector, Lord William Cecil, the son, of course, of the late Marquess. The acquaintanceship happened to be made just about the time when the old Marquess lay dying. One Sunday morning, when Lord William Cecil was mounting the steps of his pulpit, he had a telegram handed to him, and at once jumped to the conclusion that it was to announce the death of his father. With deep emotion, he opened it and read:

Come to my hop on Thursday.
—HARVEY.

Photos *Dover Street Studios*

The charming billiard-room at Guilsborough Hall, the residence of Mrs. Harvey, widow of Captain C. P. Harvey, late High Sheriff of Northamptonshire

Sarah Bernhardt's Latest Rôle

Photo *Manuel*

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt in the part of Thérèse, at her theatre in Paris

Reports that have been current that "the Divine Sarah" has had to sell her house in Paris are quite misleading. She has just returned from her American tour with large profits, and is merely changing her place of residence

Sustaining the All-Night M.P.

One of the dining-rooms

A popular resort of jaded Members during the recent all-night sitting

The famous Valentine Vat, holding 800 gallons of whisky
Of which 370 glasses (with soda) were consumed at the recent all-night sitting

Photos] **The famous grill and service-room** [*Frith*

Were it not for the admirable way the needs of the inner M.P. are catered for at St. Stephen's, such things as all-night sittings could not be. During the recent orgie, the dining-rooms were patronised all the night. Plates of bacon, ham, eggs, devilled bones, soles, etc., were supplied in their hundreds, while the beverages ordered (including the contents of the famous whisky vat) numbered thousands

ROUND THE TOWN

The King in Town

A curious faculty of the King's is that he can, so to speak, be in several places at once. It is often said (sometimes rather ruefully!) that he has eyes in the back of his head. It is certain that whilst driving, down Bond Street, for instance, he will give his apparently undivided attention to the conversation of an equerry and, at the same time, note exactly, in passing, what new shops have been started and in what manner their windows are dressed, even, too, the details of the ladies' frocks as they walk by.

Driving down Bond Street a few days ago, his carriage was held up in a block. Viscountess Parker, who is honoured by the Royal friendship, and who was at Marienbad this year when the King was making his cure, passed, although the pavements were very wet, on foot. The King looked out of the window and said, "What thin shoes! Marienbad won't do you any good if you wear shoes like that."

* * *

His Majesty and Mr. Hawtrey

Marienbad, too, reminds me of the visit of *The Man from Blankley's* to Sandringham, for it was at Marienbad this year that the inimitable Mr. Hawtrey, who asks a riddle every night in the play at the Haymarket, when lunching with His Majesty, propounded one of his very best to the King. Unfortunately, I have forgotten which particular one it was of the many with which Mr. Hawtrey's extensive *répertoire* of riddles is stocked, but, anyway, the King was delighted with it, and roared with laughter. "Tell it me again," he said; "and (taking out that constant race-goer, his gold pencil) let me write it down. I'll send that riddle to them at home."

* * *

By Command

By the way, it is not exactly *all* joy, the carrying out of a Command performance. From Windsor—less than an hour's journey from Town—the return journey is of little moment, but from Sandringham! Well, that is quite a different pair of shoes! Wolferton Station, at two o'clock and a fine frosty morning, is not *the* most delightful place in the world, especially after a flurried dressing, a hurried supper, and a fairly long drive. Neither is St. Pancras at 4.30 a.m. quite the last word in cosiness. But, of course, one must suffer to be—commanded, and I suppose, in view of early Norfolk hours, it really would be rather out of the question to have the whole company—scene-shifters, dressers, call-boys, and all, to say nothing of the leading ladies—breakfasting at Sandringham.

Breach of Promise Up To Date

Although it is generally regarded as immoral for a man and a woman, who are unmarried, to live together as man and wife and still remain unmarried, the law of England does not commit itself in the direction of approval or disapproval of the arrangement further than by declining to interfere in any dispute between the parties with regard to it. Where a woman who is free to marry is willing to treat as a husband a man who is likewise free to marry, without invoking the aid of a clergyman or a registrar, the law will not admit that the man is placed under any obligation by her complacence. And because I cherish the belief that the law is based upon common sense (at any rate in regard to these matters), I cannot help viewing with some concern the efforts of modern ingenuity to override it. I refer, of course, to the employment of that potent engine of legal warfare, the breach of promise action. I should have thought that the last thing contemplated by the parties to one of these bargains was matrimony. Of course, there are instances where the venture is undertaken as a sort of trial trip, which may lead to a more extended, and more regular, commission, but they are comparatively rare. An invitation to spend a week-end in Paris has not yet come to be regarded as the prelude to a proposal of marriage, nor is the extent of the allowance made to the fair one necessarily deemed to be an index of the nature of the terms of a future settlement. And yet we are gradually becoming acclimatised to cases in which the jury are actually asked to say that these invitations, presents, etc., are evidence of a promise of marriage, and to believe that they are dealing with the case of a pure and confiding woman who has been seduced under false pretences!

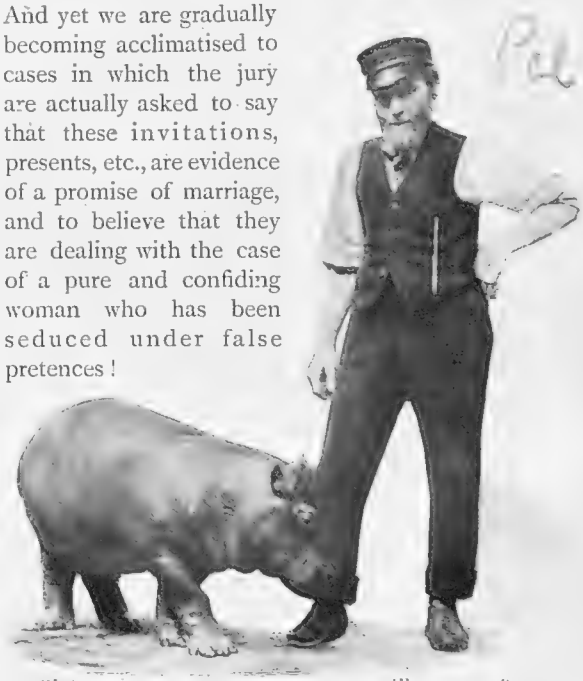


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Zoo's latest acquisition

"Baby Hippo" was brought to England by Mr. Hagenbeck, and great precautions are being taken to guard him against the rigours of our English climate

A Rambling "Raffles"

The Royalty Restored Again

There was a good deal of laughter the other night when *The Electric Man*, by Mr. Charles Hannan, was produced; a little may have been with the author—for there were one or two brutally funny incidents—but more was directed against him. The farcical comedy is on the old known lines, everybody is very stupid, and every incident forced beyond expression. All the characters do the thing least likely to be done in the situation—because it's a farce. If the hero wants to go to Brighton, a frock-coat is the one thing he demands before starting — who on earth goes to Brighton in a frock-coat, a garment that is now quite *demodé*, even at a wedding? One lays a little stress on the matter, because it is a typical case; such things go on throughout the three weary but violent acts of Mr. Hannan's play.

* * *

Tears, Idle Tears

Before this farcical comedy came to delight us, a tear-sodden one-act play of renunciation, *The Setting of the Sun*, was performed. Miss Phyllis Relph played with great skill in this little piece, the tears in her voice were of the true quality, the pathos of her movements instinct with heroic regret and bravery. The play itself ends with the words of the title, just as was the fashion about half a century ago, when *Still Waters* and *Box and Cox*, and things of that kind were written. In fact, there was a curious air of long, long ago about the whole entertainment at the New Royalty when Mr. Hannan's plays were produced. It is just possible that this reversion to mid-Victorian manners may be the latest cry of a certain school; we hope it is also the last.

* * *

After the Opera

The world of music has been considerably stirred by Signor Giordano's *Fédora*, which has been produced with no slight care and skill at Covent Garden. The play itself is so well known here that many of the audience have been rather critical of the book, but the music has delighted many of the most captious opera-goers. Then Giachetti, Zenatello, Scandiani, are already names which ensure appreciation.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Mr. Leonard Boyne

Who is playing the part of "Raffles" on tour in the provinces

La Gioconda, the always welcome *Faust*, *Carmen*, *Butterfly*, have all been produced again with great success, and the audience have occasionally been so enthusiastic that one is almost persuaded to believe in the lately suggested idea that, as regards opera, London is one of the most exacting and, at the same time, most generous capitals in Europe. This may be so, but, like our artist, I have often noted the social side more clearly than the musical at Covent Garden. The dark scenes of *Faust* enable many a middle-aged visitor, who has possibly spent a long day at Sandown Park, to take a quiet nap, and awake for a brisk interchange of social amenities during the intermezzo. Indeed, there is a well-known type of opera-goer here, who appears to be there with the view of refreshing himself with sleep—and other things.

An Ultimatum

THE SQUIRE'S LADY: "I haven't seen old Geo-ge Gibbs about lately, William; where is he?"

WILLIAM: "Oh, 'e 'ad a row wi' th' Borough Council, and left 'is job. (*Pause.*) An' if they ain't careful, next thing'll be they'll lose *me*, too!"

(Drawn by Fred Buchanan)

* * *

The English People and Music

But still, it has been said quite seriously this year that the English people have at last shown some critical sense in regard to music, and that we do not now deserve the contempt that our more gifted neighbours have so long showered upon us. For my part, I am inclined to think that the cosmopolitanism of London, which has grown so immensely of late years, is responsible for an improvement in our taste. The Germans, the French, the Italians, now so prominent in English society, and, above all, the intensely musical Hebrews, these have

How We "Do" the Opera

AND YET THEY SAY WE ARE NOT A MUSICAL NATION!

DRAWN AT COVENT GARDEN BY NORMAN MORROW

Theatres, Concerts, and Such Things

leavened our mass of ignorance and taught us not to submit—with gladness—to the second-rate.

* * *

Exotic Virtues While You Wait

That we are still prepared to put up with the indifferent good is often shown by the applause at the most carefully arranged concerts. The mass of English people worship the cheap, the familiar, the banal in all the arts, and music especially. If, in regard to public buildings and the streets, we could follow the French fashion, and leave the matter to artists in those affairs; if, in music, we could be content, like the Germans, with the best only; if, in fact, we could acclimatise all the exotic virtues, and, at the same time, cultivate our indigenous good qualities—how perfect we *might* become. In the meantime, we wait with a fair amount of patience for an artistic millennium, and congratulate ourselves on the progress of our own period, which is considerable.

* * *

Lunch-Time Concerts

The lunch-time concert has come, I sincerely hope, to stay. Last Thursday morning, I enjoyed the hour and a half hitherto devoted to wondering what on earth to do before lunch—*i.e.* between 12 and 1.30—in commune with sweet music, for at the Æolian Hall, Mme. Beatrice Langley, that very exquisite violinist, aided by Miss Dorothy Bridson, Miss Cecilia Gates (viola), and Miss May Mukle ('cello), delivered themselves of a suite by Bach and a quartet by Dvorák in a way that was calculated irresistibly to appetise. Mr. Francis Braun sung songs by Schubert and Brahms, and the Misses Adela and Mathilde Verne played the Schuman Variations for the pianoforte.

* * *

At the King's, Hammersmith

If not one of the largest, the King's, Hammersmith, is certainly one of the most elaborate theatres in London. Perhaps one of its most luxurious features is the pit, which boasts of tip-up upholstered seats, and the gallery with its velvet-covered seats. It is seldom that a visitor to the pit gets a separate seat to himself. The usual fashion is, if the play is "drawing" at all, to squeeze as many unfortunate people as possible on to long, bench-like seats running the whole breadth of the theatre. Then there are two

Photo *Agnes Jennings*

Mrs. A. Hattersley Greensted

One of the most popular of the many talented Vaudeville Club members. Mrs. Greensted, who is the wife of a rising young composer, played "Cousin Kate" in the amateur performance of that play on the 15th inst.

Photo *Rinton*

Miss Viva Burkitt

Who has been engaged by Mr. Frohman to play a leading part in the approaching production of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's play, *The Hypocrites*. This is her first engagement

reading-rooms, in which are to be found the current issues of the most important London journals, a smoking-room containing a desk with writing materials, for the use of visitors and critics. There is much else that tends to insure the perfect comfort of patrons of this theatre, and the other night, when the curtain fell on the last act of *The Dairymaids*, I felt that I had spent a very enjoyable evening. Mr. Robert Courtneidge's Company is certainly as brilliant as any I have yet seen on tour, and this brilliancy, combined with the excellence of the play, had a splendid effect. The fun was fast and furious throughout the evening. Even jokes of the Suffragette and Winston Churchill order, which might under ordinary circumstances be expected somewhat to pall, were served in such a refreshingly new way as to render them quite humorous. It would take up too much space to sing the praises of each member of the company individually, but a word of special commendation is due to Miss Rhoda Gordon for her charming and unaffected rendering of Winifred, who, it will be remembered, played the part with much success last summer at the Apollo. Misses Violet Lloyd, Edith Blanche, and Maisie Clarke, and Messrs. C. Blakiston, Harry Dent, E. S. Staples, and George Desmond are all included in the cast.

* * *

A War Office Victory

The new building for the War Office is one of the most delightful additions to the London streets of our time. Like the King's daughter, it is beautiful without and within, especially, perhaps, the latter. The Council Chamber, for instance, is a splendid example of the official hall, dignified, beautiful, utilitarian. The walls of this room, like those of many others, are panelled in wainscoat oak, with pleasantly carved decorations, and ornamented with antique marble mantelpieces—from the old building—and fireplaces of eighteenth-century design. The rooms from within suggest the best traditions of the seventeenth and eighteenth century, with a sense of space and freedom added. Whatever the faults of the War Office, their Renaissance building, and the charm of their reception-rooms and offices cannot be called in question. The grand stairway in many different marbles is a pleasure to

The Bucks of Bond Street

look upon, and the general scheme of colouring—white, pale green, and polished oak—is at once peaceful and inspiring. We await the effect upon the official mind with no small interest.

* * *

Bond Street One Hundred Years Ago

Most of the London streets change their character in the course of a century, and the fashionable neighbourhoods of to-day will be *declassé* to-morrow, but Bond Street is one of a dozen or so that has retained its charm and personality, as it were, through all the varying modes. Mr. Max Beerbohm has written delightfully of its quality and charm in the days of the Regent, and, perhaps, in that period its vogue was at the zenith. We are reminded of this and of the fact that Bond Street has always been the home of the most important tailors by a little book sent us by Messrs. J. and G. Ross, who have taken over the historic "Blue Posts," the house in which battalions of Bond Street bloods of other days have made merry with their comet port or the Madeira of three generations ago. A different race of men about town will, however, now use the "Posts," for Messrs. Ross provide for the outer man, and are tailors who can give as much pleasure to their customers as mine host, in the old days, could to his.

Photo *Lanefiér, 23a, Old Bond St.*

Miss Draughn

The plaintiff in the recent "Tumpty" breach of promise suit, on which the jury disagreed last week (but which is "coming on again"). She has been engaged to appear at the Gaiety Theatre shortly

This excellent little book, which tells the history of the house of Ross, and encourages those who care to be *dressed* as well as clothed to employ this firm, is charmingly illustrated with reproductions of the caricatures of some hundred years ago. The "Bond Street Exquisites of 1796," which we give, is a good example of these, and pictures a period when much attention was given to dress without very beautiful results. Such firms as Messrs. Ross have done much to lead us towards the ideals of simplicity, neatness, and perfect fit.

* * *

Taste and Mr. Brabazon

A collection now displayed at the Goupil Gallery shows how great an improvement has taken place of late in English art. Here are more than two hundred drawings by the late Mr. H. B. Brabazon which illustrate the whole of his long artistic career, from the earliest to the latest phase, and show, with particular clearness, what manner of man influenced the water-colourists of the last ten years or so.

BYSTANDER.

(From an old caricature published by Messrs. J. and G. Ross in "The Annals of Old Bond Street")

In the days of the dandies

The scene in Bond Street in 1796, when the pedestrian crowd, clad in costumes which to-day we consider grotesque, was far in excess of that of these quiet days

Four Stage Portrait Studies

SOME CHARMING YOUNG ACTRESSES AT VARIOUS THEATRES

Miss Barbara Deane

Appearing in *The Beauty of Bath* at the Aldwych Theatre

Miss Dorothy Monkman

Appearing in *The Belle of Mayfair* at the Vaudeville Theatre

Photos

Miss Gladys Desmond

Appearing in *The New Aladdin* at the Gaiety Theatre

Dover Street Studios

Miss Gerty Murray

Appearing in *The Bondman* at Drury Lane

Back to the Drama: Miss Tempest's Return

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

A Photograph of Miss Marie Tempest, on canvas—an innovation

After a brief but, in point of popularity, Tempestuous stay on the music-hall stage at the Palace, Miss Tempest is to return to the legitimate drama, in a play adapted from the French by her husband, Mr. Cosmo Gordon-Lennox

PARIS Week by Week.

EX-PRESIDENT'S SON AND FAMOUS ACTRESS

Another Cause Célèbre

Another sensational divorce suit will probably be taking place in Paris this week. Before the public has had time to digest the atrocities of the gay Comte de Castellane—before, perhaps, the result is declared—another famous couple will be before the public eye, the celebrated French actress, Simone Le Bargy, and the son of the ex-President Casimir-Perier. The two cases are in no way alike, except that both provide an excellent topic of conversation for the fashionable Parisian of to-day, and that they will both form important new volumes for that miserable collection of unhealthy and improbable novels which the French woman loves so well. The Comte and Comtesse de Castellane, putting aside their powerful French name and their gilded millions, were quite uninteresting persons. The Comte is notorious only by his intrigues, the Comtesse is not too intelligent, but Simone Le Bargy, by her extraordinary talent, has had Paris at her feet. Quicker than any member of her profession, she has climbed to the top of the ladder. Six years ago she was unknown, and who knows if the extraordinary story which is now attached to her name will not bring her even more to the front? About five or six years ago, she went to study dramatic art at the Paris Conservatoire, and Fate decreed that her future husband should be her professor. He learnt that the charming young girl had a dowry of a million francs, and was not long in asking her to marry him. Relying on Le Bargy's reputation to bring out her talent, which she felt was in her, she forgot the great difference in their ages, forgot she did not love him, and forgot if he really cared for her. He saw at once that she was intelligent—Jewesses generally are. He saw that she had self-confidence, audacity, and a faculty for hard work which makes the members of her race successful in life; he recognised, too, her natural ability. Whenever it was possible to give his wife a "chance," Le Bargy did it, teaching her the technicalities of her profession with the greatest care.

Photo *Reutlinger*
The Heroine of the Next Cause Célèbre: Mme. Simone Le Bargy
A startling story has just come to light, in which the names of Mme. Simone Le Bargy, the celebrated actress, the son of Casimir-Perier, and even the ex-President himself, are associated

* * *

An Ex-President's Son

About June, all Paris had turned out to see the star of the Gymnase, Mme. Simone Le Bargy, the heroine of Bernstein's celebrated and best play, *La Rafale*. Bernstein's play was good, the acting was excellent. Why, then, did the piece come to an untimely and sudden end? Simply because an audacious young Frenchman of about twenty-three took it into his head to fall in love with the principal actress, and persuaded her to forget the contract she had made with her manager, the crowded houses she drew every night, and elope with him to London. This news, of course, was a great shock to the young man's father, the ex-President Casimir-Perier. In hot haste he followed the couple to London, found his son, and almost fell at his feet, imploring him not to play havoc with his future by marrying this "unsuitable" lady. But the son remained firm, and the father, remembering probably how another father in *La Dame aux Camélias* had acted, decided to solicit an interview with the young lady. Casimir Perier, *père*, is perhaps one of the most distinguished Presidents that France has had. Seven times millionaire, as the French calculate it, he owns nearly all the mines in the North of France. His reign as President did not last long. No one will ever know the truth about his resignation. Indeed, so many mysterious things happen in Paris that it is useless trying to sift them. M. Casimir-Perier was not only the richest, but, after Carnot, the most distinguished and polished of French rulers, and, in spite of what may be said to the contrary, he was an able President. Yet, like every great man, he had his weak side, and his present indisposition is attributed to the follies of his youth. To understand the *bêtises* of the son one feels inclined to lay the blame on the father. With his pockets always well lined, his every whim gratified, behold the gallant young man, weary of wasting his substance on balloons, motor-cars, and other implements of plutocratic sport. Like many young men in similar circumstances, he sought consolation in theatrical society, and threw himself at Mme. Le Bargy's feet.

* * *

Casimir-Perier Himself Entoiled

But to return to the lovers in London. The old man, armed with threats, prepares to meet the woman who is to ruin his son. But, like his son, he at once becomes a complete victim to her charms. Like a man he acknowledges that, had he had the chance,

The Truth About Mme. Bernhardt

he would have acted likewise. Why, then, were the couple not married at once? Because M. Le Bargy would not fall in with his wife's request and sue for divorce. His *amour-propre* was wounded.

* * *

How Will It End?

Remonstrance and pleading were useless; she would not listen. "It does not matter much whom one lives with," she replied; "life is generally very boring." So at last the husband amiably consented to let her have her way, but not, it must be added, until there was very striking evidence that he had sought and obtained consolation elsewhere. It is very difficult to know exactly the facts of a divorce case in France, because it is a question which can never be discussed by the French Press. The parties concerned have met in private. Their counsel and judge, whose duty it is to discuss matters, collect evidence and try to reconcile them.

* * *

A Coming Historic Day

The 10th of next month will be an historical day in French history, for on that date all the churches throughout the country will either have to comply with the Law of Separation or run the risk of seeing their property confiscated by the State. In obedience to the injunctions received from the Vatican, the clergy declare that they do not intend to yield; but the belief is gaining ground that in the eleventh hour the Pope will relent and make certain concessions likely to lead to a *modus vivendi*.

* * *

Mme. Curie at the Sorbonne

Mme. Curie, the widow of the great scientist, she herself a scientist, has given her first lecture at the Sorbonne. The fact has been trumpeted forth all over the world; but nobody, to my knowledge, has referred to the rôle played there by Society women. I was the unwilling witness of it. In their constant craving after "excitement," no matter in what form, they have come to look upon Mme. Curie's first appearance in the light of a *grande première*, or varnishing day at the *Salon*. They clamoured for tickets—not because they were at all interested in science—but to watch how Mme. Curie would stand the ordeal, so that if she should break down beneath the emotion, they might tell their friends: "*Oh, mon chère, c'était terrible! Cette pauvre Madame Curie*," etc. They must have been terribly disappointed. Mme. Curie certainly was labouring under strong emotion; but, except that at the start she spoke rather fast and kept her eyes cast down, it was not noticeable. But why did some of the women insist on giving her an ovation? Why did they want to present her with a book, which they foolishly called a *livret d'or*? They might and ought to have known that Mme. Curie, who refused the Legion of Honour, objects to demonstrations of any kind. Fortunately, the students were there to give these women a lesson in tact. These young men neither cheered her, nor offered her a *livret d'or*, but, on the day of her first lecture, they silently deposited a wreath on Pierre Curie's grave.

£120 worth of kisses

All Paris is talking of the success of a recent bazaar, got up by a number of popular actresses to raise funds for a "Stage Life-Boat." Mlle. Louise Stock, the popular Anglo-French *chanteuse*, alone raised no less a sum than 3,000 francs by selling kisses at 20 francs a time. Among the lady's earliest customers was M. Fallières

The girl who whipped Servia's Crown Prince

Prince Alexander of Servia recently made an insulting remark about a well-known Belgrade lady, Mlle. Mistics. On hearing of this, she proceeded at once to the Bear Restaurant, where the Prince was supping, and, before anyone had time to realise what was taking place, he received six sharp cuts with a dog-whip across his neck and shoulders

* * *

"Our Sarah's" Prosperity

A report is current in London that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has been obliged to sell her house and its contents, and people are beginning to pity the artist and moralise as they love to do. But let them be sure of their facts, and keep their sympathy for where it is needed. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is simply changing her apartment. Who says Sarah Bernhardt is in difficulties? Has she not just returned from an American tour with the neat little profit of £8,000? And again! When an actress-manageress orders 80,000 francs' (over £3,000) worth of scenery for a play that is not likely to run for more than a fortnight, she must, at least, have given security for the amount. Our Sarah is all right. Even if Catulle Mendès play is not the success he anticipated.

While the Pale M

A FASCINATING PHASE OF ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY

Paris: The Palais de Justice and the Seine from the Pont Neuf

The latest field of enterprise for photographers is that of taking pictures by moonlight, when the most artistic effects can be obtained. The plate in such cases requires an exposure ranging from one to two hours

Paris: Notre Dame

There are few times more fascinating for viewing historic buildings than when they are clothed in all the mysticism of moonlight, and this aspect of Notre Dame recalls with a greater intensity many of the scenes and names of bygone years

An "Arabi

Which is merely the Casino at Ni

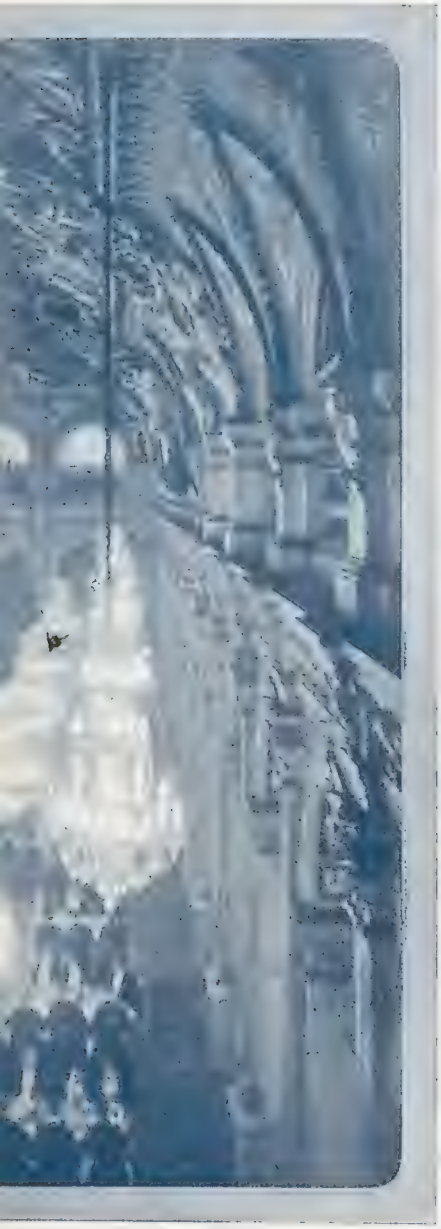
Paris: A banquet at the

n Keeps Her Vigil

HOWING FAMOUS PLACES AS THEY LOOK BY NIGHT

ghts' " Palace

n by moonlight from the Jardin Publique



el de Ville by flashlight

An unusual panorama of the town and lake of Lucerne

The spectator is looking over the lake of Lucerne from the Gütsch, while on the horizon can be seen the rugged form of the Rigi. The white line to be seen on the water represents the lights of a boat making for the quay, and demonstrates the length of the exposure

Paris: A bird's-eye view of the city taken at midnight from the Eiffel Tower

In the foreground will be noticed the Trocadero, which appears in a fantastic setting caused by the blaze of the numerous electric lamps abounding in its gardens

OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORY—No. 50

POST-MORTEM

By ARTHUR RANSOME

(Author of "The Stone Lady," etc.)

DERSLY and I went to the *séance* together, though neither of us held any very vivid faith in the possibilities of spiritualism. The tickets had been sent us by one of those people who are never happy until they feel that their own beliefs are shared by their acquaintances. Our faith in the performance was of no fanatic order. It was no more than the general open-eyed interest of young scientific men. He is a young doctor, and I, well, for the last twelve years I have been looking about me, interested in everything, and enjoying things in my own way.

The hall was full of people. There was the indefinable stir of black coats, white collars, and pale dresses, and the crackle of stiff frocks that makes a crowd felt even in a dim room. On a low platform, completely surrounded by the chairs of the spectators, sat two mediums and a demonstrator in the light of a little red-shaded lamp. They seemed just the intense, ostentatiously earnest folk I had imagined such people would be.

Presently, the demonstrator, an ugly little, bristle-haired fellow, with a bulging waistcoat, stood up and explained what was about to happen. He was to send one of the mediums into a trance, when it was not unlikely that in some way or other the spirit world would make itself manifest. He asked for a serious demeanour on the part of the audience, and hoped that, by concentrating their goodwill for the success of the experiment, the spectators would lessen the difficulties of the medium.

One of the mediums, a blonde and vacant-looking girl, had seated herself in readiness at the side of a little table where pencils and paper had been laid. He turned towards her, spoke to her, and made a few passes over her, and, so suddenly that even in the faint light it was noticeable by the audience, her body seemed to relax and lie passive in the chair, leaning over a little towards the table. Throughout the room there was a low murmur of excited petticoats. It was impossible not to watch with considerable curiosity.

The little demonstrator moved the girl's arm round on the table, and we could see under the faint red light of the lamp that her fingers were trembling limply, and that her hand moved at the wrist. He put a pencil in her fingers, and, after one or two failures to place the paper in the right position, he so managed that the girl half lay across the table, with the pencil in her hand just resting on the white sheets.

And then she began to write. Hesitatingly at first, the pencil moved in her limp hand, and then with greater certainty, and increasing speed, until it seemed to fly over the paper.

"It's a fraud," Dersly whispered to me, but I could tell that he was as much affected by the uncanny business as I was myself.

All over the room a faint hiss of whispers rose, until they were silenced by a warning movement of the demonstrator, and succeeded by a stir of petticoats. What were those words traced without effort, and apparently without understanding, by that limp figure on the platform? What meant this message from some being whom not one of us had seen? Or, perhaps, had one of us known the writer? Or, again, was it certain that the writer was not the girl herself, well trained in simulating complete unconsciousness? All these questions were expressed in the rustling murmur of frocks that defied the silencing gestures of the bristle-headed little man on the stage.

At last the hand fell limp again, and the writing stopped. The demonstrator picked up the sheets of paper that he had been laying one by one beneath the quickly moving pencil, and woke the medium with a series of rapid passes. He gave a signal, and the attendants turned on the electric lights, so that we blinked after the gloom. Sorting the papers into order, he read them through, and read them once again with eyebrows raised. Then he rose and spoke hurriedly, in a voice that trembled with excitement.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "in the whole course of my career as an experimenter I have never witnessed the arrival of so extraordinary a message from that world which the ancients knew, and of which we have for so long allowed ourselves to remain in ignorance. I doubt if any spirit document so long, so coherent, so amazing as this has ever been received before. Ladies and gentlemen, we are fortunate in having been present to-night at the reception of the extraordinary communication that I am about to read. Extraordinary as it is, there is a logical sequence in its sentences that shows it to be of far more importance than those futile babblings that have more than once been accepted by men even eminent as revelations from the spirit world. If we cannot, as I confess I cannot, believe in the actuality of the events described in this statement, I think we are justified in assuming that it contains a meaning for us. If it is not a narrative of fact, it is a noble allegory. Who can tell what great truth may not be found in the words I am about to read? Ladies and gentlemen, this is the proudest moment of my life."

He read :—

". . . a man of very strong will [the manuscript opens like that; it is clear that some words were missed by the recording medium]. Having enough money to be able to live my own life, I did so, and spent all my days from my seventeenth year in the study of human nature, and in the development of

(*Continued on page 394*)

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Is Cologne Cathedral in Danger?

Photo] **Cologne Cathedral, the pride of Germany, which is said to be crumbling away** [*Frith*

It is serious news that parts of this building are unsafe. Stones weighing ten pounds not infrequently fall on the footpath, so that it has been closed to the public, and the work of restoring the two main entrances is being pushed forward

(Continued from page 392)

the powers that I believe to be latent in every strong personality. I travelled in India and in other parts of the East, and continued my studies under the guidance of Hindoo sages, and a Japanese priest. Under their tuition, I came gradually towards that perfect control of the body by the spirit that is the object of the Eastern Yogis and Mahatmas. Only, while by its means they wish to attain peace, I desired only knowledge. Desire of knowledge filled my life with a perpetual thirst. I could not talk to a man for a moment in a railway station without experiencing an overpowering longing to enter into his life, and to understand it as fully, as clearly, as I had brought myself to comprehend my own. I knew that by the same means that win for the Oriental sages their nonchalant peace I should be able to obtain my supreme desire, and by freeing my spirit completely from the thraldom of the body, be able to enter at will into the existences of others.

"With this end constantly before me, I sustained the severe discipline of my teachers, until my powers were as complete as theirs; and, indeed, I liked to fancy, greater. I was able by an effort of will to dissociate my spirit absolutely from my flesh. I was able to go where I wished by the simple effort of will, and to return instantaneously to my body and ordinary existence, when I willed that it should be so. . . ."

The little demonstrator stopped reading for a moment, and looked round the room on the faces of his audience. There was an instant murmur of interest and surprise that died into the breathless silence of expectancy, when he turned again to the sheets in his hand.

" . . . . . When my powers had reached this state, I returned to England alone. I told no one of my powers. I told no one of what I had been doing. I was too interested in mankind to care to interest it in myself. I took a small house in ————, one of the southern suburbs of London. (Here Dersly nudged my arm. The man had mentioned the district where his practice lay. I nudged him back, and we continued listening.) I settled here in this small house that I furnished very simply. Externals were of no importance to me whatever. I continued my life of investigation.

"One of the rooms of the house I kept absolutely for my own use. The old housekeeper I had engaged was forbidden on pain of dismissal to meddle with it, or even to open its door. She was a trustworthy person up to a point, and I allowed her so much money a week, and left the management of the house to her sole control. Twice every day she laid a simple meal for me in one of the ordinary rooms. I would come out of my privacy, eat it, and again retire. If I did not appear, she had orders to make no inquiries, but to lay the next meal as if I had been present at the one preceding. To make myself doubly secure I had a double door built to my private room. (At this point Dersly made a convulsive movement, which I attributed to his interest in the document.)

"In my private room I would sit and meditate, and perform those other ceremonies prescribed by the wisdom of the East for those who seek to prepare themselves for the exercise of spiritual powers. Then, when I wished to pursue my researches in the motives of men, I would lock both doors, to secure myself from any possible interruption, and then, putting the keys in my pocket, and lying on the sofa make the supreme effort of personality for which my training had prepared me, and leave my body where it lay.

"I had only to will to be in the place where I wished to experiment. To India, Italy, America, to any country on earth I could transport myself by a moment of passionate desire. Each wish was an agony, so great was its intensity. But each wish was gratified for the same reason. I could go to any place, and enter the life of any person, watching the actions of a mind, and understanding them as though they were my own. I had all the joys of a God, and none of the responsibility.

"My only care was to return before curiosity or other motive had induced meddlesome persons to discover my body, which lay dead on my sofa, until I chose to re-enter it. When I was ready to return I merely willed myself again in the flesh, and immediately reassumed command of my body, got up from the sofa, took the keys from my pocket, and passed out again to meet the complaining looks of my housekeeper on those occasions when by my tardy return I had given her the trouble of cooking a meal for nothing.

"Several years passed in this way. I made my spiritual excursions as often as twice a week during almost the whole of the time, though, for the reasons I have mentioned, I was always careful to limit the durations of my absences from the flesh. There came a time, however, when my zeal for knowledge, my unbridled curiosity I will now call it, for I know I sought a worthless thing, got the better of my discretion.

"I had become particularly interested in the relations between different coloured races. Not politically, of course, but from an individualistic standpoint. I had watched cases of inter-marriage between persons of different religions, and noticed the pulsations of revulsion between them. I was now interested in the inter-marriage of race. I had watched marriages between black and yellow, African and Malay, and observed the conjugal life of Western women and Turkish men, and many similar examples, in every case, I must remind you, studying not from without, but from within the minds of the characters concerned.

"My attention was caught by an American girl, who was on very friendly terms with a quadroon negro. I entered the negro's mind, and understood that he was passionately attracted by the girl, and was only restraining his emotions by continual remembrance of the bar of race between himself and her. It was inevitable that feelings as powerful as his should sooner or later break away the dam of his will, and carry him violently towards the object of his affections. I wished to be present in the mind of the girl, to watch the sudden revulsion that I knew must come, when her coloured friend should force her to think of him in a new, and, as I was pretty nearly assured, repugnant light. I devoted three successive of my spiritual journeys to the examination of these two, and found at the fourth that the moment I wished to observe was very near at hand. The quadroon, a very clever young fellow, respected in spite of his colour, was staying in the same house as the girl. They were constantly together, discussing various problems of social reform, and kept by this interest alone continually in each other's mind. Every moment I thought the girl would realise the meaning of the man's devotion to her. Every moment I might expect the movement of revulsion that I wanted to notice. I associated myself with the girl's mind, lived in her, sharing with her her every thought, dreaming with her her very dreams, for I could not be sure that the moment of understanding would not come to her asleep.

(Continued on page 396)

Photo *Lallie Charles*

Miss Dagmar Wiehe, who plays the part of the Governess, Miss Seaton, in "The Man from Blankley's"

Miss Wiehe, who is a comparatively new-comer to the stage, has scored a distinct success as the Governess in *The Man from Blankley's*. A "Command" performance of the play was given at Sandringham on the King's birthday on November 9

(Continued from page 394)

"The moment came. She understood, and, as I had foreseen, was disgusted at the idea that came before her imagination. I watched the frightened activity of her mind, and saw her resolve to leave the house at once, and then, after perhaps the most perfect of all my experiments, I willed my return to the flesh. I had been five days and nights out of my body. The effort of will that was needed to bring me back was greater than it had ever been before. It was a terrible paroxysm of concentrated desire. . .

"I awoke in torture. A thousand thousand pricking pains ran through my body. My veins burned my flesh like white hot platinum wires. A deep booming sound filled my ears, which gradually formed itself into hammer-like throbbings, which, even in my agony, I counted—one, two, and three. I could not speak, or make any sound at all. With a tremendous effort that seemed to loose another myriad demons to twist the skein of painful threads of which my body seemed to be made, I raised my head, and knew that I lay naked on a table. I saw a man with a knife turning towards me. I felt that even my power of will was slipping from me in the torture that plucked at my nerves and scorched my flesh. With all the life that was left to me I compelled my spirit to the mastery of the man with the knife. I drew him with my eyes. . . ."

Dersly suddenly stood up swaying, with his mouth opened as if he were trying to cry aloud. Two women in the audience shrieked, and he collapsed towards the floor.

"Stop that," I shouted at the demonstrator on the platform, not knowing quite what I shouted, or why; and then, with the help of a man who was sitting near us, carried my friend out of the hall. There was a little lavatory outside, where we bathed his forehead. Presently he was sufficiently recovered to get into a cab, when we drove to my rooms, which were not far away.

I helped him to a chair in my study, poured a stiff whisky and soda into him, poured out another, and placed it by his side. He sat there as if half asleep. I have seen more than one man in a moment of strong physical fear, and more than one in the cruellest of mental torture, but I have never seen such a look as Dersly gave me when he opened his eyes. It was like a terrible memory that stares at one, whether one will or no, and will not be forgotten. His eyes, usually merry, alert, eager with the bright energy of the scientist, were like the eyes of an unfortunate madman whom I once saw, possessed by a mania that kept the fear of murder and sudden death his constant companion. I could not look away, and his eyes stared at me. I tell you I felt better when I realised that he did not see me. He put his hands together before his face, and moved them suddenly outwards, as if pushing from him some terrible vision that sought to crowd itself into his brain.

"Dersly!" I said; and again, "Dersly! Dersly!"

The whole of his body shook, from head to foot, and then he seemed to take himself by force and pull himself together. He moved suddenly in the chair, and drank off the glass with sobbing gulps.

"Allegory," he said. "My God, it was true!" The words seemed to shudder on his lips.

"What was true?" I asked, thinking to soothe him, and pouring out another glass for him, clinking the bottle and the glass together with my trembling hands.

"I was the man in the room," he whispered; and then, drinking off the third glass, sat bolt upright in the chair.

"The room had double doors. There could be no other."

"I do not understand," I said. "Tell me another time."

"No, no, no!" he almost shouted; and I saw that it would relieve him to share the thing that was on his mind. He spoke on rapidly.

"Five years ago a very extraordinary man lived in a house in my own district. He lived alone with a housekeeper, and had an odd habit of locking himself in a room, for as long as a whole day at a time. The room had double doors, and the housekeeper was forbidden to open them. For some years this lonely man's life continued, and then, after going into the room one morning, he did not return for lunch or dinner, and did not go to his bedroom at night. The housekeeper, who thought him mad, took no notice, thinking it, as she told me, as much as her place was worth to meddle with the double doors. But when he did not appear next morning, and had not come back at night again, she did the only thing she could, and communicated with the police. They broke open the door, and found the man lying dead on the sofa. The keys of the room were in his coat pocket. There was nothing to show how he had died, but he was too healthy a man, and the circumstances of the case were too unusual, to allow his death to be certified in the ordinary way. A post-mortem was ordered, and I was the surgeon called in to perform it.

"I had already opened his stomach and removed the intestines, preparatory to chemical examination. I had exposed the heart, and had turned aside for a moment to wipe my instruments, when I heard a slight stir on the table. I thought it was no more than the motion of a linen cloth lifted by a draught of air. Then I turned round. It was very hot weather, and for a moment I thought the heat was playing tricks with my brain. For the man's nerves had resumed their sensitiveness. A live nerve is a very different-looking thing from a dead one, you know. The blood that had congealed in the veins had broken out again. The inside of the body, that I had cleaned, perspired with crimson drops. The pale bags of the lungs were feebly throbbing. And then, as I looked, the man moved his head, and I saw into his eyes. He was alive.

"He was alive, and in the most acute pain that it is possible to conceive. He was alive, and would remain alive for minutes, perhaps hours, until the torture exhausted his vitality. It was impossible to save him.

"And then I saw his eyes, drawing me against myself. I knew what he desired. I saw the wild, fierce pain looking out of them, and I knew that in this man there was one thing stronger than the pain. His eyes, tortured as he was, drew me, drew me, though I held back, a weak and little thing in the presence of that tortured indomitable will. Suddenly, he conquered. I picked up a lancet and punctured his heart as it beat before me in his breast.

"When next I knew anything, I was standing holding tight to the edge of the table. Some time must have passed, for the body had again assumed, this time with reality, the appearance of a corpse.

"I certified his death from heart failure, and, until to-night, I had forced myself to think that it was a dream, that I had slept standing by the operating table. I could not let myself believe that I had killed a man. I could not let myself believe that I had seen that . . . that thing. . . ."

And Dersly fainted again.

ARTHUR RANSOME.

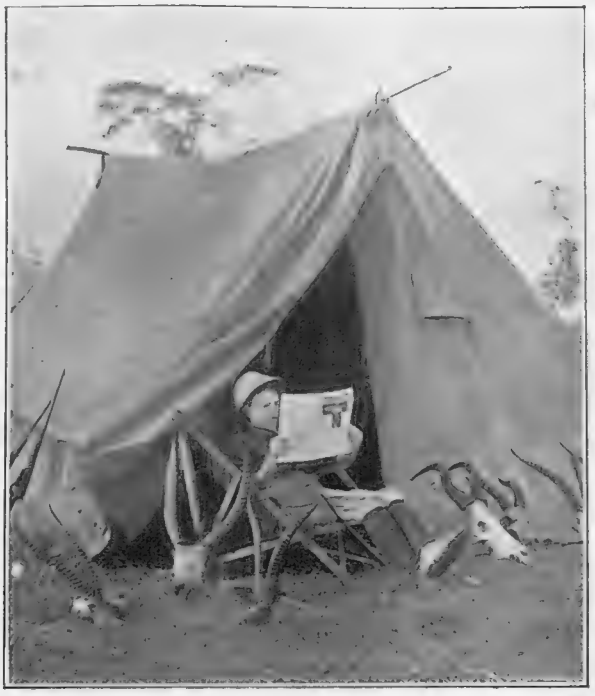
From Afric's Burning Shore

"BYSTANDER EVERYWHERE" COMPETITION (ELEVENTH SERIES)

(*For Full Particulars see page* xii)

On the Modder River

Sent by Mr. R. T. KNOX, Myburghsfontein Land Settlement Board, Bloemfontein, O.R.C., who says: "This photo was taken at Myburghsfontein, Modder River. The Pedlar, or 'Smouse,' as he is called in this country, is consoling himself for want of trade by reading the paper"



On the Equator!

Mr. LEWIS LLOYD, Survey Department, Nairobi British East Africa, writes: "Though we are situated in latitude O—viz., on the Equator—we are 7,000 ft. above the sea on Mount Kenyon, and so get the icy breezes from the eternal snows on its summit. We are out on a shooting expedition; witness our trophies round the tent"

In West Africa

The sender of this photograph, Mr. L. BOYLE, Dunmore Lane, Hardingham, Norfolk, writes: "These bystanders were taken at Lokoja, West Africa, and the picture shows in the background one of the huts in which the natives live"

On Table Mountain

Mr. A. P. KINOTT, Chavonnes, First Avenue, Kenilworth, near Cape Town, says: "This is a photo of my little boy, who is sitting under the shade of a silver-leaf tree on Table Mountain. The satin-like leaves of this tree are very beautiful, and are charming for decorative purposes"

Poaching for Fish

VARIOUS WAYS IN WHICH NIMBLE RASCALS SECURE THEIR BOOTY

A favourite method

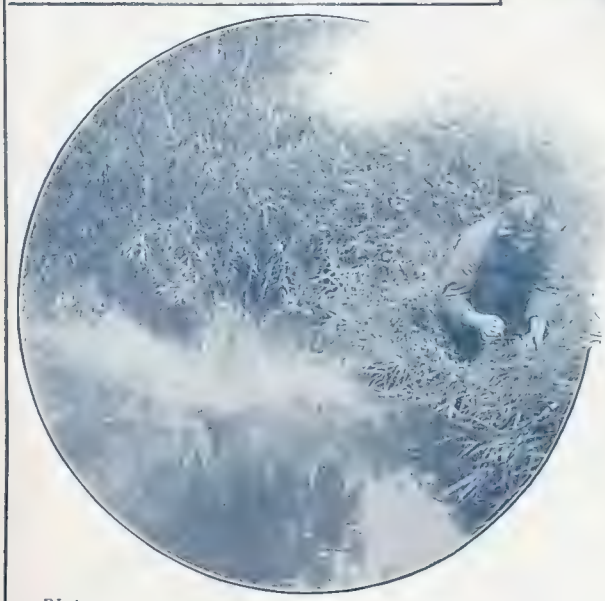
Spearing with a short heavy spear or dart with a line fastened to it

Landing a catch

Many fine fish have been obtained by this method, and by it countrymen are ever ready to get a meal

Tickling trout

This simple method consists in gently passing the hand under a drowsy trout lying under the bank, and then with a sharp upward movement scooping the fish out of the water



Photos *Clarke and Hyde*

Poacher exploding a charge with an electric battery

This is a most disastrous method for the fish. A charged tin is dropped into a likely pool, and when the electric wires connected with it are applied to a battery an explosion takes place throwing dozens of stunned and helpless fish to the surface

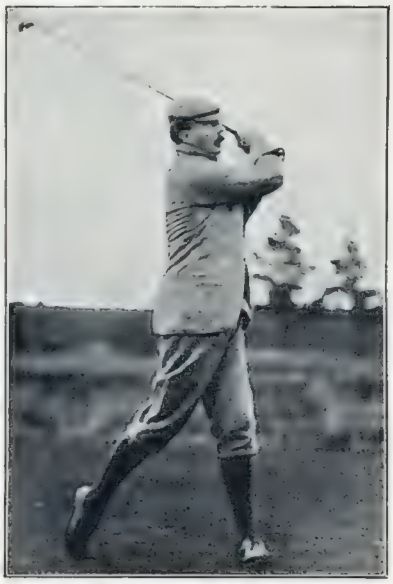
The fish poacher is provided with a good landing net to bring the stunned fish to the shore

A single explosion has been known to result in over half a hundredweight of prime fresh-water fish

Golf Notes and Notions

Death of Mr. D. D. Whigham

The death of Mr. D. D. Whigham, which occurred a few weeks ago, severs another link with the past days of golf. Mr. Whigham was one of the oldest members of the Prestwick Golf Club and of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, which he joined in the years 1860 and 1857 respectively. It seems but yesterday that, at the Open Championship at Muirfield in June last, I saw him, apparently as hale and hearty as ever and as keenly interested in the great event that was being contested, and it is hard to realise that he has passed away. The date of his election to the Prestwick Club synchronises with the year in which that club instituted the Open Championship, and golfers will, therefore, realise in what degree Mr. Whigham represented in himself an historical period in the modern annals of golf. His name, like that of Fairlie, was one to conjure with at Prestwick, and his loss, there more particularly, will be severely felt. His sons are all admirable golfers, and to them, his family, and his wide circle of friends, I tender my heartfelt sympathy on the great loss they have sustained. Mr. Whigham will be long and lovingly remembered by all those who had the good fortune to claim him as friend.



The Hon. Evan Charteris

Who played for Sunningdale in the Oxford and Cambridge match, driving from the sixth tee

The Caddie of Yesterday

A writer in the *Field*, whose articles I always peruse with great interest, even when I differ from his opinions, has lately commented on the difference in the modern race of caddies as compared with those of former days. He says, justly, that in older days the caddie was the friend, adviser, and, in a sense, the father confessor, of the player for whom he was carrying. Players could then be seen anxiously consulting their caddie before playing a stroke, so as to have the oracle's advice on the best club and best way to play the impending shot. Nowadays, golfers rarely consult their caddies, and great players very often prefer to take just a lad to carry their clubs in preference to an experienced man, as they do not want advice as to the game, but only efficient carrying of their clubs. The golf editor of the *Field* attributes this state of things to the great increase of the game, the variety of courses on which players now play as compared with the old days, and the consequent necessity which has been forced on players of relying on themselves instead of looking for assistance and counsel from a caddie. All this is very true, and there is no doubt that the old race of caddies, whose most notable survival is "Fiery," of Musselburgh, Willie Park's *Fidus Achates* on many a stricken field, is slowly but surely dying out. This result was inevitable when we look at the gigantic spread of the game. For when we come to consider the relation which used to subsist between a player and his chosen caddie, we shall perceive that under modern conditions it was hardly possible that the same system, perhaps with a few exceptions, should continue to prevail.

A Guide, Philosopher, and Friend

In former days a caddie was generally attached to a small circle of masters whose every shot he knew as well as, sometimes possibly better than, his A, B, C. Consequently, when the player turned to his man and asked his advice, the answer given was founded on an intimate knowledge of the master's powers. What will it avail me if I have the best caddie in the world if he is unacquainted with the game I play and the particular clubs which I take for various shots? There is infinite variety in the clubs with which different players play shots of the same distance. Go to any Amateur Championship, and you will see one player using a wooden spoon where his adversary easily gets up with a half-iron shot. Just imagine the consequences if the wooden spoon man had the iron man's caddie, and was advised to play his shot with the iron, and *vice versâ*. Yet the caddie, seeing the one player always playing a shot of a certain distance with some particular club, might easily be led to believe that all other players must play that particular shot in the same way and with a similar club. Just imagine a caddie accustomed to Mr. Mure Fergusson's push shot with the iron or mashie being called upon for advice by a player whose utmost effort with brassie or cleek would be called for to compass the distance which the former achieves with ease with his famous shot.

An Extinct Species

The variety of styles in modern golf, and the great increase in players who rarely conform to the same standard, have made it impossible for the modern caddie to do what his predecessor used invariably and admirably to do. Yet I would sacrifice many a round of golf with an indifferent, if efficient, caddie for one round with my favourite old one-armed caddie, Taylor, of St. Andrews, who knew my innumerable faults and my few virtues so intimately that I could turn to him for advice with perfect confidence. The old caddies are saying, "*Ave Cæsar morituri te salutant*," but the game without them will never again be the same to those who enjoyed their faithful counsel and assistance, and I am sure I am not alone in mournfully regretting their passing. Ernest Lehmann.

BY VIVIAN CARTER

Upton Sinclair's First Novel

The desire of the public to know more of Mr. Upton Sinclair's work before "The Jungle" made him mighty, has led Mr. Heinemann to publish his first, *King Midas*, written when he was twenty-one. It is in no way prophetic of the style of "The Jungle." Realism has no place in this story, which tells, in smooth, poetic language, of the love affairs of an *ingénue* in a New England village: how she forsakes her first love for the superior attractions of a middle-aged man; how the middle-aged man, after their marriage, turns out to have wronged a woman long years ago, and to have begotten a son by her, and how the son turns out to be — the heroine's original lover! Just the sort of idea that a man of twenty-one would lay himself out upon. The heroine running, altogether, three candidates for her hand and heart, young Mr. Sinclair was able to descant to his heart's content upon her various emotional phases, and to exhibit to advantage his pretty gift of nature-impressionism (hopelessly swallowed up, subsequently, by the realistic "Jungle" horrifics). I may add that *King Midas* has a strong musical interest. In each chapter, Helen, the heroine, is under the influence of some classical, or *quasi*-classical, *motif*, a bar or so of which is quoted as the "tail-piece" to each chapter.

Mr. Harris Burland's Latest

In *The Broken Law* (E. Grant Richards: 6*s.*) Mr. Harris Burland makes a long stride upward towards the heights of popular fiction. It is on a much higher plane than "The Financier" and "The Black Motor-Car," meritorious though those books were, after a fashion. *The Broken Law* is a "popular" novel; *i.e.* it has melodrama as its basis. It opens with a "strong situation," and holds the reader's interest chiefly because he wants to know the outcome. Into the story, however, Mr. Burland has infused a "strong moral purpose," and in the unfolding of a new religious revival scheme, with a multi-millionaire behind it, he vies with Miss Corelli in religious fervour, and with Mr. H. G. Wells in fantasia. Sir Richard Gaunt, *roué*, vows "before God," to his dying friend, Crawshay, that he will hunt down and ruin (for the sum of £30,000) the man who betrayed Crawshay's sister. The man to be hounded down transpires to be Sir Richard himself—*ergo*, he has vowed "before God" to execute vengeance on himself. This sounds, of course, melodramatic. But Mr. Burland evolves the story of Gaunt's execution of his mission of self-punishment in so startling a fashion, and, as I above said, combines it with so striking a religious "interest," that a book which opens in blood and thunder, reaches, as it proceeds, a much higher plane. Nowhere, however, does the author allow his moral purpose to spoil his story. The trump-cards are kept well in reserve, and played, in due course, with theatrical effect. Mr. Burland's unfolding of a scheme, engineered by the millionaire Lampirthy, to corner the paper industry of the world, and thus to capture the Press of England for a religious campaign, is ingenious.

To Understand the Horse

An attempt is being made, I am interested to see, to "push" psychology in the stable. A book has been published entitled, *The Psychology and Training of the Horse*, by Count Eugenio Cesareso (Fisher Unwin: 10*s.* 6*d.* net). "Like all other animals," the author explains, "the horse is composed of a machine and of a mind which sets the machine in motion. People who manage horses usually give little importance to the mind. But the mind is most important, as to command the machine we must first command the mind." After which the Count sets forth, in a series of chapters, his understanding of the equine mind —tells us on what mental promptings the horse kicks, and rears, and snorts, and neighs, and shies, and "savages," and everything else. A most interesting and thoughtfully written book, though whether a knowledge of horse psychology would be of actual value to owners of horses or not is a point. The Count's motive is, obviously, to promote kindness to the horse by spreading a knowledge of its inner characteristics. Those, however, who are intelligent enough to be guided by such theories to the humane treatment of animals are intelligent enough to be guided to it without them. As to the others—well, would all the psycholgy in the world instil humanity into a brute?

In Brief

Rosemary in Search of a Father, by Mrs. C. N. and A. M. Williamson, tells of a young man, a young woman (good), a little girl (very, very good), another young woman (bad), and an old woman (horrid). It all happens at Monte Carlo, or thereabouts, and is bright to read, with just the weest touch of naughtiness (for the bad young woman and the horrid old woman are French).— *The Dangerville Inheritance*, by A. G. Fox Davies (John Lane: 6*s.*), tells of a bad old earl, who died, and a rather nice young earl who inherited his money, and of a rather nice young duke's daughter who married him, and a bad, gambling captain who loved her, but was murdered—of some bookmakers and detectives and moneylenders, and other exciting and mysterious people, lots of mystery and excitement. Quite a light, readable book.

By Field, Stream & Covert.

TO OUR READERS

We are always very glad to receive photographs of interest to hunting people to publish in the "Field, Stream, and Covert" pages, and for all photographs we reproduce, either a quarter or half-page size, we shall pay **5s.**, *and* **10s. 6d.** *for those used over this size. Photographs, which should be silver prints, must have been taken this season, and each print must bear the sender's name and address, besides full particulars as to when and where it was taken*

Sport in the Opening Fortnight

If not overwhelmingly successful in the way of good runs, the opening fortnight of the season witnessed some very fair sport in most countries. In the Shires scent was not particularly good to start with, and few long points had been made up to the time of writing in Leicestershire; but, occasionally, hounds were able to drive their fox along at a cracking pace for half an hour or so, and many of their followers found it no easy matter to live with them in going that was soft and holding, and over fences that are still very blind and deceiving. Fields in the Midlands have been larger than ever at all the convenient meets, and it is very evident that the attractions of Leicestershire are every whit as powerful as in those days when "Nimrod" described its superiorities.

Leicestershire and the Provinces

"Did you ever hunt with the Crawley and Horsham?" a Meltonian of the old school was innocently asked. "No," came the indignant response; "and, by gad! I hope I never shall do." That voices the ancient contempt of your true Leicestershire man for what are called the provincial packs; but we cannot all be Meltonians, and it is good to know that the Shires possess no absolute monopoly of well-bred hounds, straight-necked foxes, or of scent-carrying pastures. Some parts of the flying Blackmore Vale country can challenge comparison with the best that the Melton district can show, and elsewhere tracts just as delightful to ride over are to be found. It is a mistake to suppose that Leicestershire is entirely a wide expanse of rolling grass, for there are some awkward districts that want a deal of crossing. And yet it must be granted that there is something in Leicestershire hunting that is usually lacking in the provinces; the style is different, and everything

With the Brighton Beagles
Some of the lady followers crossing a mangel field

Mr. Austen Chamberlain
At a meet of the East Kent Hounds at Sibton Park, near Canterbury

is brisker. The stout blackthorn hedges are not really terrible when you have a good horse beneath you, and they are agreeably wide apart.

A Trap for the Innocent

It is one of the unwritten laws of fox-hunting etiquette that the full hunt uniform shall not be worn by the members until the beginning of regular hunting. Woe betide the innocent offender. Gentle, but merciless, chaff is bound to be his portion, and no man, outside of the hunt officials, has ever been known to come cub-hunting twice in silk hat and scarlet. The tale is told of one follower of the Badminton who fell a victim to the snare. Anxious, no doubt, to give his new clothes an airing, he rode to the last cub-hunting meet in full war-paint. A week later the top hat and hunt uniform would have been eminently correct, but now, when everybody else was soberly clad, this misguided individual had the horror of finding himself the "observed of all observers," and all his acquaintances seemed anxious to congratulate him on the dazzling splendour of his appearance.

A Plea for the Scarlet Coat

Happily, the start of the season proper brings with it a welcome brightening up in the garb of the follower of hounds. Mufti is no longer *de rigueur*, and after the drab and rather cheerless appearance of the cub-hunting fixtures, it has been good to see the well-dressed fields at recent opening meets, "dotting the meadows with scarlet and white." And yet each season we seem to see less scarlet than before. Whether it is mere indifference, or whether just because our insular prejudice is against making "anything of a show," I am afraid that hunting-men do not come out in "pink" so often as they should do. I say "should do," partly because it is a compliment to the M.F.H. for the subscriber to come to the meet in orthodox costume,

The Opening Meet of the Cottesmore Hounds at Tilton Wood: The hounds running their fox strongly

The opening meet of the Cottesmore Hounds, which was held recently, was well attended, and hunting people thronged to the meet at Tilton Wood from all parts. Among the field present was Captain Burns-Hartopp, late Master of the Quorn, whose photograph appears as an inset.

and partly because the farmers like to see the scarlet in the field. They know that the wearer of a pink coat is a subscriber to the hunt, and, accordingly, are glad to welcome him over their property; but when nearly all are attired in black or grey, they cannot distinguish the hunt member from the non-subscribing stranger, and they do not like it.

The Management of Hunting Kit

Of course, one has to admit that the regulation hunting dress, when it takes the form of silk hat, scarlet, and leathers, cannot be a complete success without one has a good valet or groom to clean and look after them. And perhaps it is this very difficulty of getting a good man which causes many hunting people to discard the "scarlet and white" for tweeds and cords, or other less troublesome garments. But as a general rule, it may be laid down that the member of the hunt is expected to appear in scarlet, and it is a matter for regret that followers of hounds are becoming lax in this matter. Apropos of the question of hunting clothes, some valuable hints on the general management of kit are given in a useful little book which has just been published under the title of "The Hunting Annual," and people who have encountered the old difficulty of getting their leathers and scarlet properly cleaned, would do well to let their man read the advice laid down. Not long ago someone suggested a school for valeting, an idea with which hunting people will sympathise, but so far nothing has come of the suggestion.

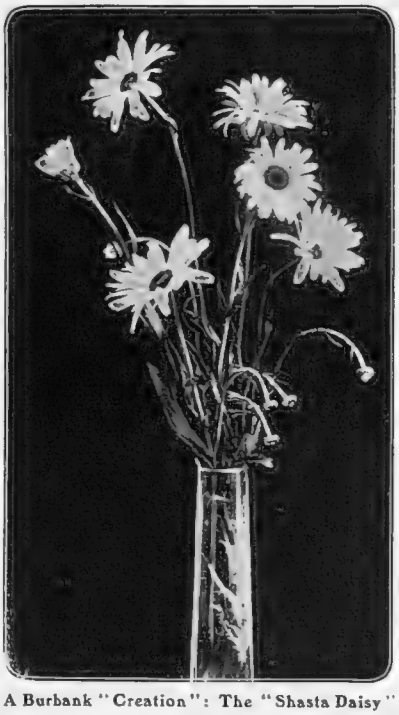
A Magnificent 'Chaser

Only a few days now divides us from the end of the flat-racing season. After that the same old familiar band of jumpers, some of them by this time quite hoary with age, will entertain us "over the sticks." Happily, a few really high-class steeplechasers come along at intervals to infuse fresh interest into the winter sport. Such a one is Hack Watch. Here we have a jumper worthy to rank with Cloister, Manifesto, and the best worthies of the past. It is difficult, indeed, to say how good he is, for he has not yet been defeated. It was a splendid performance at Liverpool, to win over the severe course for the Grand Sefton Steeplechase under the big weight of 12st. 7lb. It was the second time he had secured the race, and this magnificent fencer seems to be marked out as a future winner of the Liverpool Grand National. A. W. C.

Photo Underwood and Underwood

Mr. Luther Burbank

Originator of the Burbank potato; Gold, Wickom, Apple, October, Purple, Chalco, America, and Climar plums; Giant Splendor, sugar and stoneless prunes; a new fruit, the Plumcot; Peach Blow, Burbank, and Santa Rosa roses; gigantic forms of amaryllis, tigridias, the Shasta daisy, giant fragrance callas; and various new apples, peaches, nuts, berries, and other valuable trees, fruits, flowers, grasses, grains, and vegetables



A Burbank "Creation": The "Shasta Daisy"

The technical name for this new variety, produced by the botanical magician, Mr. Luther Burbank, is "Chrysanthem Maximum Hybridium," and it is similar to the old-fashioned chrysanthemum. The flowers measure three to five inches across

GARDEN NOTES

Plants must, like human beings, live up to their reputations, or drop out. Among those that have failed to justify expectations must, I think, be reckoned the Shasta Daisy, one of Burbank's "creations," which has been loudly boomed throughout the length and breadth of the horticultural world. I have tried it myself alongside the old cottage-garden Chrysanthemum Maximum, and cannot discover any difference between them. In any case, the Shasta Daisy is much inferior to two other new varieties —Chrysanthemum Maximum King Edward VII., which is larger and finer in every way, though perhaps a little coarse, and C. M. Robinsonii, which, with its narrow irregular petals, rather resembles a single Japanese chrysanthemum. In one respect, however, the American hybridist is a long way ahead of English nurserymen. He understands the art of nomenclature far better than they do. Shasta Daisy is certainly attractive, but Chrysanthemum Maximum King Edward VII., if not actually repellent, is more suited to the leisurely Johnsonian period than it is to these impatient days. It is a pity that Burbank's over-zealous admirers should put forward such extravagant claims on his behalf. To assert that he has 380,000 different species, or, say, four million plants (if we reckon only about ten of each species) under his personal supervision may enhance his reputation as a business manager, but not as a scientist, for, working ten hours a day without intermission, he could devote only three seconds a year to each plant. He has a unique opportunity of performing useful work, and if only journalists will leave him alone may yet do it. For the present, there is not much to be gained by including his Shasta Daisy among hardy perennials to be ordered, but the other two varieties are well worth a trial. Another plant—of German origin—appeared in many catalogues last year. It was called a red sunflower. A specimen sent to me for testing proved to be merely the common *Echinacea purpurea*, one of the cone-flowers, and English growers have abandoned it as a novelty. RUSTICUS.

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

The march of events in Paris has progressed appreciably during the past three months, and fashion, at its most extravagant, epitomising all the last decrees, is to be seen in the *boulevard*, at the smart restaurants, and the Palais de Glace. At the latter rendezvous, Dame Fashion has permitted full swing, and from head to foot her exponents declare her edicts, with a license that declines to recognise any limitations. At the Palais de Glace, the head-dresses, marvellously arranged and still more marvellously adorned, claim first attention. From this summit, the eye travelling quickly down to the dainty shoes of white doeskin, the fair French *patineuse*—who, by the way, is seriously rivalling her English sister in this graceful pastime—simply revels in the opportunity for indulging her natural craving for elaborate petticoats, the sweep of the short skirt revealing masses of lace frills, and a general fascinating *frou-frou*.

A triumph of skill is revealed in the manipulation of a felt flop shape, that droops a scintillation, undulates a scintillation, and yet withal retains a perfectly settled form. This represents the ideal morning hat, and is worn, almost to the point of ubiquity, with the striped tweed tailor suit, without which no up-to-date wardrobe could possibly maintain its self-respect.

The Striped Tweed

Of the particular quality approved of Fashion it is impossible to write too enthusiastically; the width of the stripe, about half an inch, is sufficiently pronounced without being vulgar, while the favourite combination is grey and a broken black. The short basque natural waist coat is the favourite style, completed by a handsome set of pointed fox.

Muffs, by the way, are only very intermittently used in Paris at present. But their hour is close at hand, and when it arrives, there will be seen the novelty of a great iridescent bird with outspread wings on a flat bag muff of white fox or ermine.

More charming than ever are the short, narrow cravats of ermine, the forerunner of heavier and more costly fur fitments. The little ermine cravat is sufficiently individual not to exact the necessary completion of a muff, and the treatment accorded them is such that, so far as bulk goes, they might be a piece of velvet. With the longer and more important cravats and stoles the fancy is for the centre to form a point in front, accentuated very frequently by a cascade of black velvet loops, while the ends, after being crossed at the back, fall stole-wise over the shoulders. This arrangement has quite superseded the single fling-over style, which it far surpasses in warmth and practicability.

A lovely Chinchilla cape, whose wearer was espied having tea at Rumpelmeyer's, just covered the waist-line at the back, and finished in front with long, narrow stole-ends, evidently intended to be worn straight or crossed in front and the ends passed beneath the cape at the back, as best pleases the

An evening cloak

(Sketched at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's by K. Pleydel Young)

wearer. But there is nothing better worn than the short black Persian lamb coat, just fitted to escape the figure everywhere, and turned over at the throat with a narrow collar of ermine or Chinchilla. The smartness of the perfectly built Persian lamb coat has never before been more apparent than it is at present, the representative furrier putting all he knows into the construction of this daringly simple achievement.

A Famine in Net

It is seriously believed in some quarters, that if the demand for net continues to increase at the present ratio, the supply will scarcely equal the demand. Every species of net, plain, ring, and whole spot, chenille spot, and *esprit*, are all culled to the cause of evening toilettes, and not infrequently to the creation of smart day toilettes. There has recently gone forth one of those impalpable orders that the black net restaurant gown shall epitomise the *éclat* of the moment. Arranged with the favourite short-waist back, and generously trimmed with black ribbon velvet, this is an alliance that makes for true elegance, the fair Parisenne, with a coquettishness that is so eminently her own, electing to complete this toilette by a Gainsborough hat of brown felt, massed with feathers, or one of the new glorified mushrooms with a twist of *galon* about the crown, and a waving osprey. For theatre wear, however, the head-dress grows apace. A *bandeau*, a rose and a drooping osprey—nothing to annoy the line of vision—is the delicious affection now adopted in lieu of the hitherto always recognised hat. They are costly, too, are these airy, fairy trifles, which, of course, only serves to render them all the more desirable. And apropos of trifles not quite so airy, the latest gold chain reticules are fulled bag affairs, of the very finest workmanship procurable. Jewels relieve the severity of the mount, and, altogether, these are more desirable than ever. Ah, me! extravagance is on the increase, and rates are going up. How to reconcile these two adverse conditions requires consideration. Myself, I feel the verb "to spend" getting hold of me to a dangerous degree.

A Chinchilla Mantle

And for others to keep me company, here is a tempting offer in the shape of a fur cloak, a confection of Chinchilla, inlet with a line of Byzantine embroidery worked on grey cloth.

Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road

No one is better prepared to enter into the atmosphere of motoring that at present prevails than Shoolbred. And it may or may not be news that at Tottenham House there is a department devoted exclusively to gentlemen's tailoring matters, where the motor coat is playing a particularly conspicuous part at the moment. Evidently, there is some well-informed mind at the back of the supply, which is, frankly, excellent. There are frieze models, lined fleece, commencing at 55*s*. These are roomy and comfortable, and while warm on the car, are not unduly heavy for walking. Or there is another variety that makes a start at the same price, lined leather. Now, for really rough, knockabout wraps, nothing better could be desired; nor is the price at all excessive for a chauffeur.

An attractive Chinchilla cape

(Drawn by K. Pleydel Young)

For a more superior class of thing altogether there is requisitioned a range of fine West of England tweed, patterned over with a fine, invisible check, and lined with various coloured, best quality leathers. These are coats that simply sell themselves; their worth is written large all over them. The cut is beyond reproach, while every practical detail has been attended to, in the way of pockets, extension collar-tab, and the like. Men are notoriously fastidious, but they would be hard put to it to find fault with these motoring creations at Shoolbred's. Where a special feature also is being made of rugs, a fleecy wool at 29*s*. 6*d*., proving a real temptation, since it is at once light of weight and deliciously warm. For more general use, there is offered an especially large Mersey cloth rug, in a long range of colours, at 9*s*. 6*d*. The edges are bound with a worsted braid, and the whole appearance is neat and smart to a degree, in fact, that of the familiar box carriage cloth, for which double the amount is paid. The show at Olympia has indeed an ally in Messrs. Shoolbred.

Moralists and Tea-Drinking

ONE OF OUR LITTLE PLEASURES WHICH DOES NOT MEET WITH THEIR DISAPPROVAL

Looking Backward

Looking back over the three hundred years which have elapsed since the first cask of tea arrived in these isles, by the agency of the Dutch, the most striking fact to occur to the casual philosopher is the extraordinary rise of the beverage in the estimation of moralists. Tea drinking, we are reminded by a variety of authorities, was, originally, little worthier than a vice. Was it not with a considerable sense of its essential naughtiness that Samuel Pepys, in 1661, sipped the cup of "tea, the China drink, of which I had not drunk before," and expressed a suspiciously smug approval thereof? Did not Dr. Johnson confess a more than rational love of the beverage in one of his Boswellian confidences?

> I am (he said) a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, who has for many years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle has scarcely time to cool; who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the morning.

"Give him," said one of his literary friends, "twenty, thirty, or forty cups at a sitting, and he would delight Mrs. Thrale or Miss Reynolds with his brilliant conversation until four o'clock in the morning."

Our Extravagant Ancestors

Tea—was it not the secret vice of the upper classes? Priced, as it was in 1657, the year in which Garraway opened the first tea-house in Exchange Alley, at from £10 to £5 per pound, a cup of it was as much to be regarded as an unheard-of extravagance as, say, it would be to-day to consume equal quantities of Imperial Tokay. And yet, after dinner every night, the beverage that was turned on for the especial honour of an honoured guest was —tea.

The Enormous Vogue of Tea

One would have thought that the increasing consumption of this beverage in these isles, since the days of Pepys, as a result of which we now import some 250 million pounds annually, and have under cultivation in our Indian Empire some half a million odd acres, would scandalise many good moralists. That one firm alone, the Mazawattee Company, should have paid in one year to H.M. Customs one cheque value over £85,000 in tea duties would have inspired our Puritans to hold up hands in holy horror.

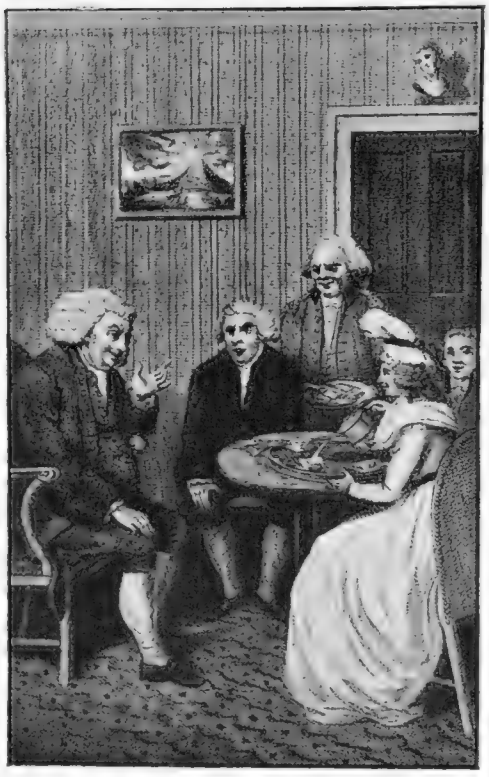
And yet, despite the evidence of the enormous increase of its consumption in these isles, to the detriment of alcoholic liquors, the Puritans' voices are still. No sound of protest is raised against the tea-drinkers. Against the great tea companies no note of agitation is sounded. The proprietors of the great firms, like the Mazawattee, are not denounced as Tea Lords—or, humorously, Tea Pots. Tower Hill continues to import its millions of pounds annually to distribute to the uttermost parts of the kingdom its choicest brands to

View of the packing-room at the Mazawattee warehouses on Tower Hill

beguile the breakfast and tea-table tastes of hundreds of thousands, and yet no word is sounded against them. On the contrary, that blessed word Mazawattee has a ring of rectitude, a moralistic euphony about it which can never be gained by the firm which brews beer or manufactures tobacco. And when we hear of its enterprise, of the enormous number of hands it employs, of the extent to which the Mazawattee Company is pushing the sale of tea, not only in Britain but in America, we breathe a sigh of moral satisfaction.

The Detractors of Tea

The fact of the matter is, of course, that tea-drinking, while it is, as hinted before, a luxury, and a stimulant, which our ancestors regarded as a secret pleasure, if not a vice, is so genial in its influence that the warning words of certain wiseacres can well be disregarded. There are, of course, pessimists everywhere. It has been alleged, actually, that tea is only of questionable nutritive value; that its sole nutriment lies in the "milk and sugar taken with it"; that it "induces irritability," etc. But it is a principle of the modern science of feeding that where a thing is pleasurable and gratifies the palate, so, probably, does it agree with the health of the taster. For what was the palate given us, if not that we might select and reject those foods and beverages which are good for us? The most powerful argument against alcohol is the fact that, when we, in early youth, first sample it, it is offensive, even repugnant, to the taste.



Dr. Johnson at a tea-party

(Reproduced by kind permission from a print in the possession of the Mazawattee Tea Company)

Why Do We Like It So?

A boy dislikes beer and whisky; a young girl even abhors, in most cases, the taste of wine. Alcohol is a taste we acquire, and, therefore, is probably of malign rather than benign effect. How different the case of tea! From babyhood, it is the very genius of tastiness. A child disliking tea is regarded—and probably rightly so—as the victim of "depraved appetite." That child will probably be no good in this world. He hates tea! Then, be sure that he hates other things too—hates virtue, the law, religion, his country, his mother, or, at any rate, something that he ought not to hate. The universal *liking* of tea is the surest proof of its virtuous qualities, as the universal *liking* of the sight of beauty, the sound of harmony, the perfume of the rose, proves that those things are those which Nature likes us to like. Tea, then, combining, as it does, all the stimulating properties of alcohol, the power to enliven, to refresh, to soothe, without inducing one single evil consequence to those who take it moderately, is obviously the beverage of the modern gods, the ambrosia of Christendom.

How Tea Was Introduced

The following account of the introduction of tea into England is taken from the "Comprehensive History of England," vol. 2, p. 784, and will be read with interest: "The age of club-houses had now (1660-1689) fully commenced, and was so congenial to the English character, that it bid fair to be perpetual. Here every political subject of the day was subjected to free and close examination; and, as not merely the higher but middle-classes attended these new places of entertainment, a knowledge of public affairs was more widely diffused, and the spirit of national liberty nursed into full vigour." Besides, these club-houses—where pipes and tobacco, as well as wine and strong drink, were always at hand to animate the discussion — there were coffee-houses of a more temperate character, where not merely politics, but also the subjects of religion and literature, were debated by their frequenters, who usually repaired to them when the business of the day was over. The beverages chiefly used at these last places were coffee, chocolate, and tea; and the introduction of this important herb — tea — into England, by which the whole economy of diet was changed, as well as temperance promoted, health improved, and life itself lengthened, is worthy of particular note. Although known by report in Europe as a favourite Chinese beverage during the sixteenth century, it was not introduced until the earlier part of the seventeenth century; and that, too, in small quantities by the Dutch East India Company. Its introduction into England is attributed to Queen Catherine; and, while her example brought it into partial fashion among the courtiers, its qualities were so highly appreciated by a few, that Waller, who calls it, in a royal birthday ode, "the best of herbs," thus eulogises it:—

> The muse's friend, tea, does our fancy aid,
> Repress those vapours which the head invade,
> And keeps that palace of the soul serene
> Fit on her birthday to salute the Queen.

In conclusion, I must acknowledge my indebtedness to the Mazawattee Company for the above interesting illustration of Dr. Johnson at a tea-party, which fittingly serves to illustrate the Doctor's words quoted at the beginning of this article, in eulogy of his beloved beverage; while the photograph on the opposite page gives a more practical view of the subject, viz., the packing-room of the far-famed Company on Tower Hill.

Games and Pastimes

Beaten At Last

The weather had doubtless something to do with the defeat of the South Africans by Scotland on Saturday. It hampered the play of their backs, wherein lies their main strength in attack; added to which, they were unlucky in the matter of injuries. Nevertheless, the result goes to justify my contention that their previous unbeaten record was due not so much to superlative excellence on their part as to the comparative weakness of the teams opposed to them. They had been beaten forward by several teams, but forwards are seldom able to win matches by themselves, and none of these teams had possessed backs capable of driving home the attack. On Saturday they met, for the first time, a team consisting, not only of better forwards, but also of backs with some aggressive power, and the result was that the two forces combined were too much even for their sturdy defence. Great credit is due to the Scotch team for playing the right game under the conditions. They knew the weak spot in the South Africans' game, and they also knew that Saturday was not the sort of day for the heeling and passing game; so they made the game (as they were able to do) more or less a forward one, and the backs went in for individual play rather than for combination. A feature of the match was the fine kicking and touch-finding of Munro and McLeod, which served to keep the other side on the defensive. How interesting it would be if the match could be played again on a dry day!

Mr. Archdale Palmer
Secretary of the All-England Lawn-Tennis Club, and the source of the agitation which has been going on in the lawn-tennis world

"As You Were"

I am glad to think that the dreadful happenings in the lawn-tennis world which I presaged last week has been, at any rate, postponed for the time being. The Lawn-Tennis Association has held its Annual General Meeting, and, after upwards of five hours' strenuous, but in the main perfectly good-humoured, discussion, finds itself very much where it was before. The All-England Club retains its right to hold, and control the management of, the Championship Meeting, and to decide upon the make of ball that is to be used thereat, irrespective of the fact that its secretary, Mr. Palmer, is connected with the firm of manufacturers who have supplied the balls (and other requisites) used at the tournament for several years past. I am glad that this is so, because it averts for the time being a crisis which could only have proved disastrous, and because it gives the rival parties more time to review the situation. A proposal, in the nature of a compromise, was put forward by the All-England Club itself, that the council of the L.T.A. should be empowered to appoint two of its members to serve upon the committee of management of any advertised open meeting—which includes the Championships—and this proposal was accepted; but not before it became evident that the proposals of the reform party (to use the generally accepted phrase) might not obtain the two-thirds majority required in order to render them effective. As a matter of fact, the reform party obtained a majority, but not the requisite majority, in support of each of their proposals, except one, which was not persevered with, and therefore, although the All-England Club scored a victory, the fact remains that the majority of those present — a representative gathering of more than a hundred delegates from various parts of the kingdom—were not quite satisfied with the present state of affairs.

The Two Points of View

The controversy, therefore, is by no means at an end, and we may take it that the reform party, though they may be disappointed, have no reason to be discouraged. The result of the meeting has really been to define the issue raised by the two sides, and it is this: One side says, "We have done nothing wrong; we challenge you to show that we have done anything wrong, or that the Championship Meeting could have been better managed than it has been. When it can be shown that we are unworthy to control a meeting of such paramount importance, then it will be time enough to interfere with us." The other side says, "We admit the truth of everything that you say; but we want to provide against your doing wrong beforehand, and to prevent such a contingency. We do not wish to interfere with you as long as you go straight, but we seek to minimise the chance of your going otherwise." It is a simple issue on the face of it, but it is complicated by the fact that there is also a practical side to the question, and that Mr. Palmer is — to put it shortly—Mr. Palmer. And there, since the question must necessarily remain at large for at least a year, I am content to leave it; in the confident hope that the good sense of lawn-tennis players, as evidenced at their last week's meeting by the cheery way in which they agreed to differ, will devise some acceptable solution of the difficulty.

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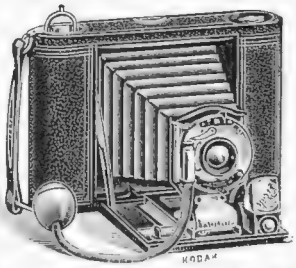

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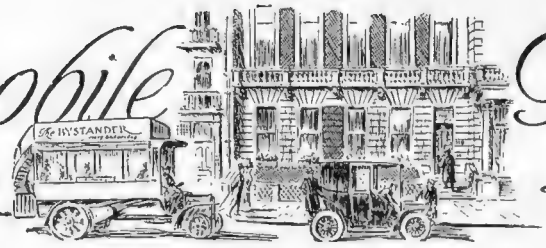
Automobile Topics.



By DOUGLAS MILLER

Olympia's Great Display

If any evidence be considered necessary to emphasise the enormous strides made during the past decade by the motor industry of Great Britain, it may be obtained readily enough by a visit to Olympia, where the fifth International Exhibition of Motor-Cars, organised by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, is now in progress. As has been pointed out in former numbers of THE BYSTANDER, this autumn's Show is confined to pleasure vehicles, the commercial and marine sections being relegated to a separate exhibition, to be held in March, 1907. Presiding at the inaugural luncheon on the opening day, Mr. Sidney Straker, President of the Society, mentioned that the output of automobiles in this country represents a sum of over six millions sterling annually, and that the industry affords employment to nearly half a million workmen. When we reflect that only ten years have elapsed since the passing of the Act which legalised a speed of over four miles an hour on the highway, it becomes apparent that no other branch of human endeavour has equalled the rapidity of the march of progress of automobilism. Every sign of prosperity is manifest at Olympia. Not an available inch of space is vacant, and the value of the cars on show may be computed at some £500,000.

Car-icatures II.—Lord Montagu of Beaulieu

Member of Parliament, sportsman, journalist, and motorist. He is the acknowledged authority in the House of Lords on all motoring matters, and is the proprietor and editor of *The Car*

(*Drawn by A. F. P. Ritchie*)

* * *

Some Statistics

With all new industries, where public prejudice, restrictive legislation, and other features of obstruction are evident, the existence of an active and united trade body is indispensable to successful operation. During the year, the Society of Motor Manufacturers has successfully negotiated with the Local Government Board, the Board of Trade, and the Registering Authorities. Evidence has been given before several Commissions, and assistance has been lent to numerous associations, affecting all branches of the industry, and competitive events have been supported. In general features this year's Exhibition compares very favourably with any which has preceded it, either at home or abroad. The decoration of the various stands evinces the display of much taste and care on the part of exhibitors, and the illuminating arrangements are greatly superior to those at former Shows. The Exhibition is organised in conjunction with the Automobile Club, which not only lends an air of distinction to the proceedings, but conveys considerable benefit to the various interests concerned. H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught paid a lengthy visit on the opening day, and the number of distinguished people who have given practical demonstration of keen interest in automobile affairs has been very large. The whole of the floor space of the main hall and annexe is devoted to car stands, there being over 150 spaces allotted; and the gallery is occupied by an assortment of accessories, tyres, and motor garments, which, more particularly in the last-named department, has been assiduously patronised by lady automobilists.

Photo *Jacks*

The guests at the F.I.A.T. Company's dinner at the Trocadero

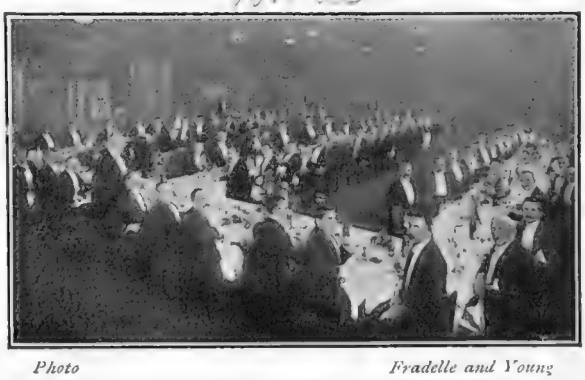
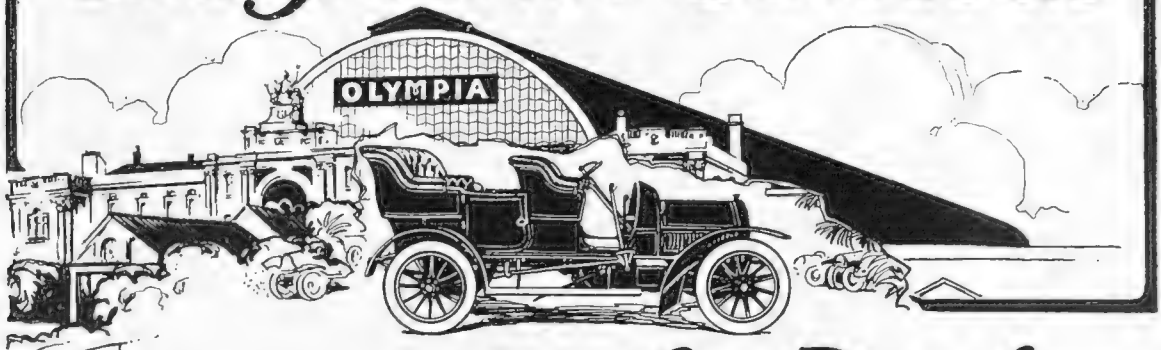


Photo *Fradelle and Young*

The guests at the Daimler Company's dinner at Princes'

TWO RECENT MOTOR COMPANIES' DINNERS

Straight from OLYMPIA



to the Road

HUMBER LIMITED

Desire to intimate that orders with dates for delivery will be booked at their

STAND No. 159 OLYMPIA.

Inasmuch as the orders already received by them far exceed those of last season, when difficulty was experienced in giving prompt deliveries, it is highly desirable that

THOSE DESIRING EARLY DELIVERY SHOULD

Place their Orders without delay.

HUMBER LD., Beeston (Notts) and Coventry.

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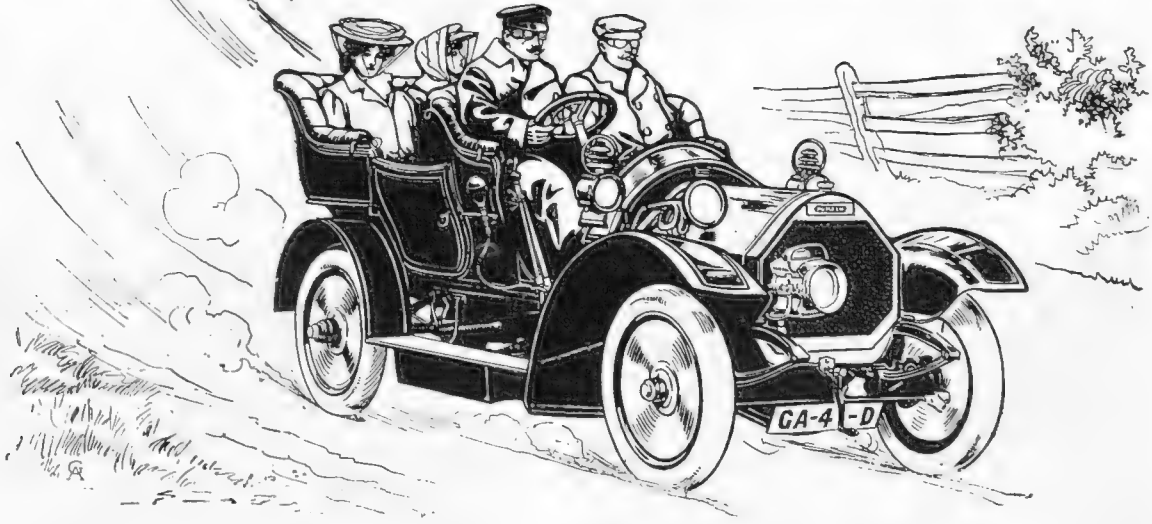

Round Some Stands at Olympia

Social Reunions

It is one of the most prominent features of the modern automobile movement—and not, perhaps, the least pleasing—that the custom of entertaining is largely on the increase. Almost every association and business enterprise of importance now considers it necessary to give a public dinner at least once a year, when the particular friends and adherents of these various bodies are afforded opportunity of airing their views on automobile topics generally and their own private hobbies in particular. The Daimler dinner at Princes' on November 13 proved an exceedingly enjoyable reunion, as did that given by the directors of F.I.A.T. motors at the Trocadero, over which Captain John Orr-Ewing presided. By far the most important event of the kind, however, was the great gathering of nearly 500 automobilists at the Wharncliffe Rooms on November 14. This was convened by the Motor Union in celebration of the tenth anniversary of the passing of the Act legalising the motor-car. The Hon. Arthur Stanley, M.P., Chairman of the Automobile Club and of the Motor Union, presided, and was supported by such well-known adherents of automobilism as Earl and Countess Russell, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu (who, by the way, forms the subject of our "Car-icature" this week on page 410), Sir A. Conan Doyle, Sir Henry Norman, M.P., Sir Alexander Henderson, Bart., Sir E. R. Henry, C.B., Col. W. J. Bosworth, Col. R. E. Crompton, C.B., Col. H. C. L. Holden, R.A., F.R.S., Professor H. von Herkomer, and Mr. G. L. Gomme, Clerk to the London County Council. The speeches were of a very high order of merit, and were noteworthy for the optimism expressed concerning the future of the movement. Mr. Walter Runciman, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board, made an interesting announcement that a proposal to impose a tax on horse-power had been considered by his Board, and had been definitely negatived. Other festive gatherings of note were the luncheons given by the Automobile Pioneers and the Society of Motor Manufacturers, which have been referred to already.

* * *

Round the Stands

Owing to restricted space, only a very brief reference was made in last week's BYSTANDER to the exhibit of

F.I.A.T. Cars

on Stand 148 in the annexe. In the interim the 60 h.-p. six-cylinder chassis and the new standard touring car—which, by the way, on account of its short wheel-base and ease of manipulation is eminently suitable for town work—have arrived from Italy. As an instance of the enterprise displayed by the F.I.A.T. directors, it may be mentioned that, in order to ensure the arrival of these chassis in time for the opening of the Olympia Show, a special train was engaged at Turin and run through Switzerland and France with practically no stop. To the six-cylinder chassis is fitted the novel self-starting device. A small cylinder is placed between the

Photo *Topical Agency*

A general view of the Motor Exhibition at Olympia

This year's Show is the fifth International Exhibition organised by the Society of Motor Manufacturers, and is the most successful they have yet held. It is devoted entirely to pleasure vehicles, and the value of the cars shown amounts to something like £500,000

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MOTOR
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Stand No. 226 Gallery—OLYMPIA MOTOR EXHIBITION.

THE ARGYLL CARS

HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF TIME
ARE NOT MADE FOR THE MOMENT
WEAR WELL IN ALL WEATHERS

ARGYLLS, LONDON, LTD.
AT
OLYMPIA.
STAND No. 133.

THE · CAR · THAT
NOTHING · WORRIES

SAYERS & Co

VAUXHALL

VISITORS to the **Olympia Show** are specially requested to call and inspect our exhibit of

BODYWORK

ON **Stand 153 Annexe.**

We are makers of high-class bodies and specialities in connection with same for all types of chassis, and if following the proper method of ordering your body separately from the chassis, we shall esteem your enquiries.

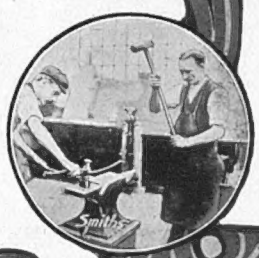
Types of our bodies can also be seen on many stands in the show.

We claim to be specialists in our business, and have the largest organisation and equipment for the purpose in London, as can be proved by a visit to our works.

Sayers & Co., AUTOMOBILE CARRIAGE BUILDERS,

90-92, Wandsworth Road, Vauxhall, S.W.

Telegrams: "Sayerico, London." (10 mins. from Victoria Station.) Telephone **200** Hop.



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THE

6 CYLINDER

DARRACQ

40 h.-p., 2 Ignitions, Chassis £800.

Complete Car, with standard side-entrance body, £850.

The Car de Luxe for 1907.

Sole Concessionaires:

HUNTLEY WALKER & Co.

483, OXFORD STREET, W.

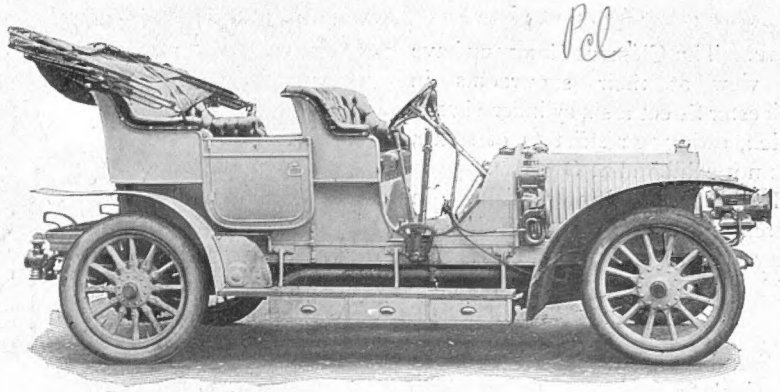
STAND 97

OLYMPIA.

A. J. W.

Argyll and Delaunay-Belleville Exhibits

radiator and the engine, and affixed to the half-time casing; it is, in reality, a single compressor, water-cooled engine operated by an eccentric movement from the dash-board just in front of the driver's seat. The new model is fitted with Sims's low-tension ignition, the cylinders being fired in this order: 1, 2, 3, 6, 5, 4. The dredger system of lubrication, which has long been such a strong point about the F.I.A.T. cars, is being replaced by an even more positive method—that of cams actuating small plungers, and so forcing the oil to each several bearing, in place of letting it reach its destination by gravity. The cam throws can be adjusted to a nicety, which is another way of saying that they can be altered as may be desirable. The frame of the new F.I.A.T. has been lowered just behind the driver's seat, so that it is possible to have a landaulette door, for instance, very near indeed to the ground. Detailed description of the 14-16 h.-p. model must be deferred, but it may be mentioned in passing that the car has a live axle with direct drive on top speed, and that, by a most ingenious contrivance, the differential gear-boxes are practically in one.



The Delaunay-Belleville Car, exhibited by the Burlington Carriage Co.

Those celebrated Scottish cars which emanate from the banks of the Clyde at Alexandria are dominated on two stands. Near the Addison Road entrance, in the main hall, is Stand 49, that of

Argyll Motors

Here will be found five exhibits which worthily maintain the high reputation acquired by the famous Northern firm. They comprise one 10-12 h.-p. standard side-entrance car, fitted with a two-cylinder Aster engine and painted carmine. It has the Govan patent three-speed gear-box, with leather-faced clutch and live axle running on roller bearings. There is also a 14-16 h.-p. standard side-entrance car, fitted with Argyll four-cylinder engine and painted dark green. This has the new type metal-to-metal clutch and live axle with ball bearings. A nicely finished 14-16 h.-p. town carriage landaulette, with four-cylinder Argyll engine, is painted dark blue, and has the Govan patent three-speed gear-box, and live axle with ball bearings. Other examples are a 16-20 h.-p. limousine, upholstered in light cloth, and a 14-16 h.-p. polished "show chassis."

On Stand 133 in the annexe, the Metropolitan branch, which is known as

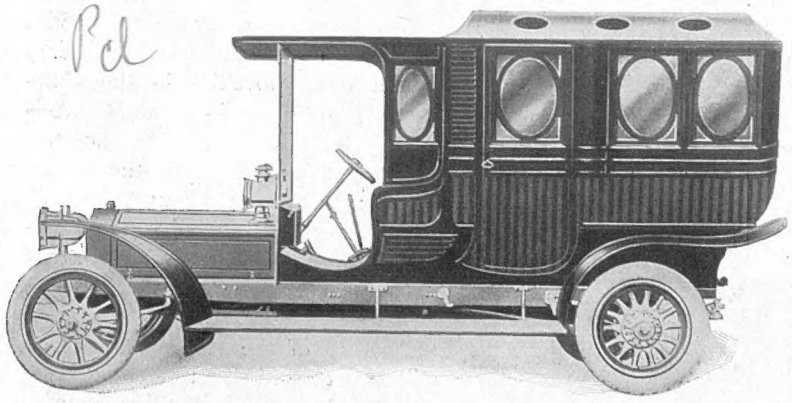
Argylls, London

is represented by half a dozen samples of engineering work, ranging from a 14-16 h.-p. chassis to a 26-30 h.-p. landaulette. The coach-work, which is remarkable for completeness of detail, is by Mulliner, of Northampton, and gives evidence of the bestowal of great care for the comfort of passengers.

Situated to the left of the main hall, facing West, is the

Delaunay-Belleville

exhibit of the Burlington Carriage Company on Stand 91. The Delaunay-Belleville of this year differs but slightly from that of last year, and in fact the design is practically the same as the original of three years ago, which shows a perfection of conception that has seldom been equalled in the history of the automobile world. Among the improvements incorporated in this year's chassis are an additional fan in the fly-wheel, and extra *louvres* in the casings under the chassis. The main oil-tank, which supplies the base chamber, is enlarged to duplicate the size, so that the refilling process is not of such frequent occurrence. The Delaunay-Belleville lubricating system has proved itself as efficacious on their petrol engines as it has been for many years on their steam engines. The 1907 engines have an increased bore, so that the power is greatly increased, and as the same gearing ratio is maintained, the Delaunay-Belleville is practically a "top-speed" car.



A 40-50 h.-p. six-cylinder Rolls-Royce Pullman Limousine
This luxurious car carries six persons besides the driver, and is fitted with electric light and telegraph

In the main hall will be found a quintette of new season

Clement Cars, Stand 50

These include an 18-28 h.-p. four-cylinder chassis, similar to the car which performed so well in the Tourist Trophy Race. The car has a live-axle drive, and is fitted with high-tension magneto, Krebb's carburettor, and multiple disc clutch. The body-work is a handsome double landaulette, and, when preferred, this type of car can be supplied with chain

Tyres and Non-Skid Devices

drive. The Clément Company have on view at their showrooms in Leicester Street a six-cylinder chassis which, owing to restriction of space, was not exhibited at Olympia.

Highly interesting to visitors in search of a sound touring vehicle, of fairly good engine-power, is the exhibit of

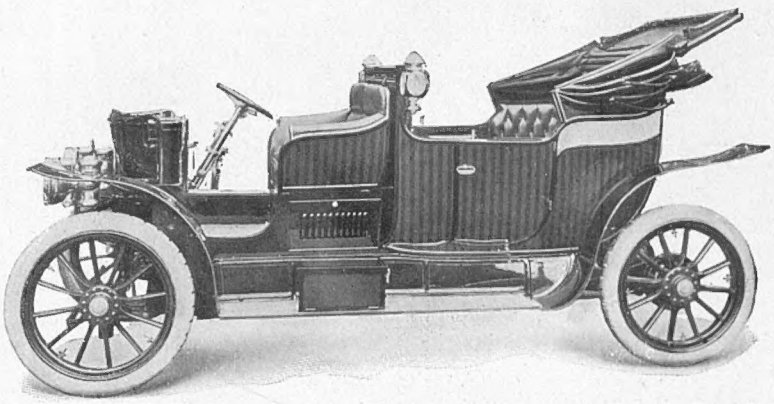
Regent Cars

on Stand 24 in the large hall. The principal features of this car, which is comparatively a new-comer, may be summarised: The chassis is of 18 h.-p., with four cylinders, cast in pairs. There are three speeds forward and one reverse. There is a direct drive on top gear, and the transmission is by live axle. Both inlet and exhaust valves are mechanically operated on either side of the engine, and the ignition is low-tension magneto. Water circulation is obtained by a gear-driven pump through a honeycomb radiator. Both ignition and throttle control are placed on the steering-wheel. The side brake is internal expanding metal-to-metal on the rear road-wheels, operated in the usual way by a lever on the right-hand side of the driver, and is so arranged that when the lever is pulled back and the brakes applied the clutch is withdrawn, if desired. The car is exceedingly well sprung, the rear springs being elliptical and the front springs extremely long and flexible. There are two of these cars, and both are fitted with extremely smart Cape-cart hoods and wind shields, so arranged that the shield can be hinged over without unscrewing or screwing up any unnecessary bolts, but merely by operating a little hand-lever which is within easy reach of the occupants of the front seats.

In the annexe, on Stand 160, the

West Cars

claim attention. There are some interesting innovations which merit notice, among them being a new form of gear-box, which greatly simplifies the changing of gears. All the 1907 models have transverse springs at the rear of the chassis, and particular attention should be bestowed on the "West" back axle. On this stand will be observed the little "Academy" car which ran in the Tourist Trophy Race, and averaged twenty-seven miles an hour until it ran out of petrol close to the finishing point.



N.E.C. car, with horizontal engine and very short wheel-base
Exhibited by the New Engine Company

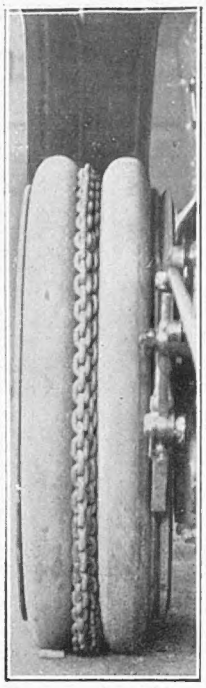
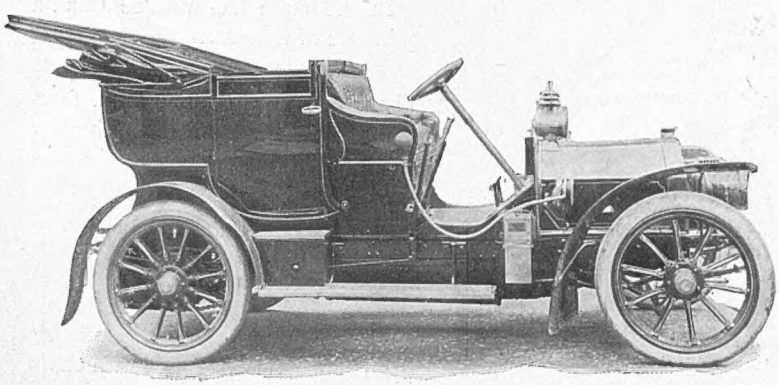


Photo Park
A new non-skid chain
To be used on the 'buses of the London Associated Company

Messrs. H. M. Hobson, Ltd., show, on Stand 30, a 35 h.-p. Nagant-Hobson chassis. This is an entirely new car, with several improvements which are not to be found on any other type of car exhibited. The constructors are Messrs. Nagant Frères, of Liege, who, until recently, manufactured the Belgian Rochet-Schneider and the Belgian Gobron-Brillie. Messrs. Hobson also show a 1907 20 h.-p. Decauville landaulette, which contains several improvements, and a 16 h.-p. Decauville chassis, with a double phaeton side-entrance body. The landaulette body is of an improved and novel shape, and is by Messrs. Laurie and Marner, of Oxford Street, W.

In the gallery are to be found the exhibits of those who deal in the multifarious accessories which go to make up the equipment of the well-appointed up-to-date car.

The Dunlop Company again find their space restricted owing to the fortune of the ballot. Still, their exhibit, although small, is interesting, including, as it does, novelties in the Company's new steel-studded tyre—produced to meet the demand for such an article from those who prefer it to the Company's well-known grooved non-slipping tyres—a new and further improved security bolt, and a new patent tyre lever, designed to facilitate the removal and insertion of the valve and security bolts, at the same time preventing the further edge of the tyre-cover slipping out of the rim groove and fouling the valve or bolt holes.



Mr. Vane Pennel's 20-30 h.-p. Bianchi Landaulette